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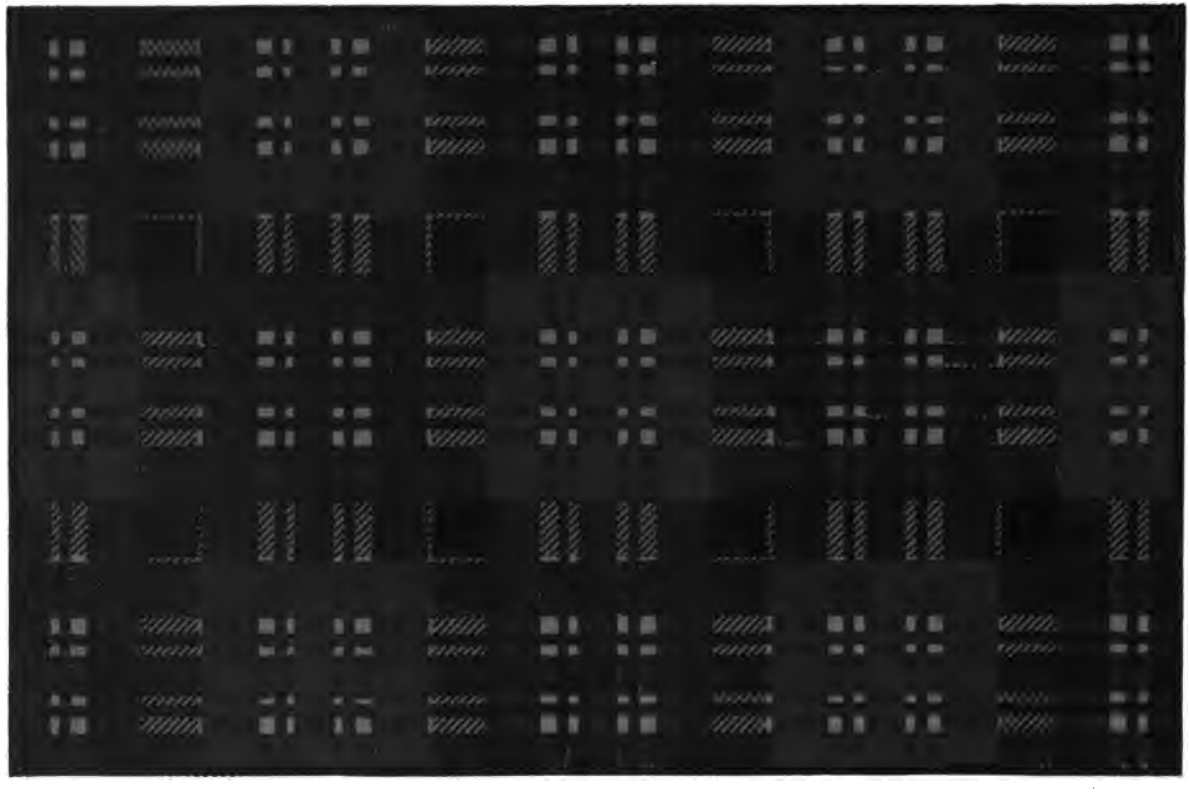
CLAN DONALD TARTAN



The Plaid pictured here is "ours" by reason of the family's direct descent from the Macdonalds of the Isles

WILLIAM MILLS DONALDSON AND HIS FORBEARS

A COMPILATION OF GENEALOGICAL FACTS AND FAMILY TRADITIONS, GATHERED, ASSEMBLED AND, IT IS HOPED, HEREWITH PRESERVED FOR HIS DESCENDANTS AND THOSE OF THE COLLATERAL LINE

by William Henry Donaldson.

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PREFACE

"Of all the affections of man, those that connect him with ancestry are among the most natural and generous. They enlarge the sphere of his interests; multiply his motives to virtue; and give intensity to his sense of duty to generations to come, by the perception of obligation to those that are past."—*Quincy's Boston Centennial Address.*

THE following history of the Donaldson family is the result of a deep admiration of his Scottish ancestry in the mind of William Henry Donaldson (eldest son of William Mills Donaldson), which led him, when a boy, to treasure the tales and anecdotes told him by his great-uncle, Andrew VII. In later years, travel through Scotland revived this interest, and it needed only the expression of his father's desire to possess a genealogy of the Donaldson family clearly traced, to start him upon his quest.

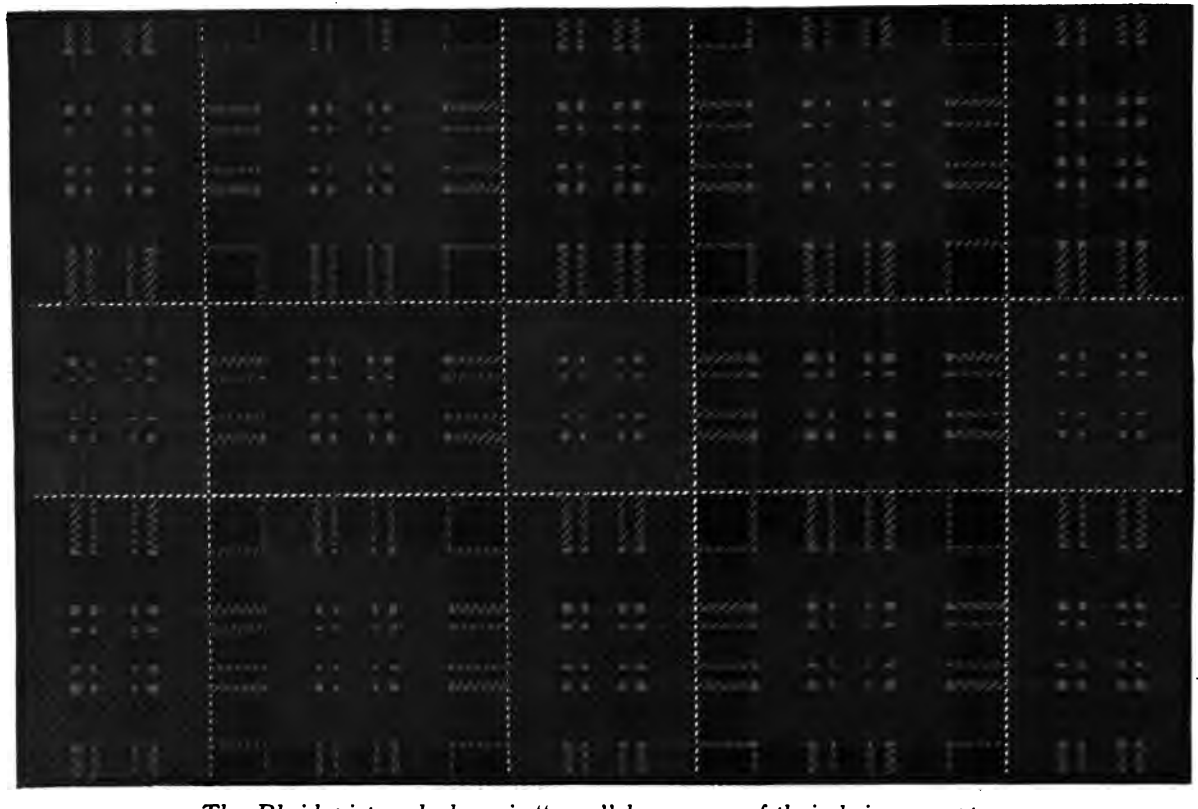
With infinite patience and untiring interest he spared neither labor nor expense in verifying his records. Thousands of letters were written to various Donaldsons throughout the United States, tracing their connection with our branch. Family records in Scotland were unearthed and re-copied. The result is the history of our branch of the Donaldson family from its source in "The McDonalds of the Isles" to the present day, April 2, 1922.

The biography of William Mills Donaldson is a tribute of devotion from his son—a record treasured by his children — a memorial cherished by his grandchildren.

His daughter,

ELIZABETH DONALDSON LONGLEY

CLANRANALD MACDONALD TARTAN



The Plaid pictured above is "ours" by reason of their being a sept or dependents of the MacDonalds of Clanranald

FOREWORD AND THE FAMILY TRADITION

OUR line sprang from the Clan Donald (MacDonalds of the Isles), but came down as a sept, or rather as dependents, of the Clanranald. The former inhabited the islands of the west coast of Scotland, or such number of them as they could hold against the Vikings of Norway, which was a very respectable one always, and at times included practically all of them. The chiefs of the MacDonalds of the Isles are quite generally referred to as the "Lords of the Isles," but this Uncle Andrew VII would have none of.[1] He always declared that no nobility nor any of the other institutions of feudalism prevailed in the island dominions, and always insisted that the chiefship was a dignity conferred by the tribe or clan; that the chief was chosen or called thereto by the members thereof, and that he could not be appointed to the position or put in it without their consent by any power or authority whatsoever.

For this same reason he scouted the idea of armorial bearings or heraldic insignia in connection with the earlier and more famous of the chieftains. "They had

[1] "We don't go back to kings or queens, nor lords or ladies," he often declared. "We are descended from a line of Scottish chiefs." And he believed it. He pictured them as rulers plainly enough, but of a stripe that would have had small liking or use for courts and courtiers.

They were rather rude and rough chaps as he painted them, but each "was every inch a man," and though history proves there were royal marriages and connection and that they themselves were very proud and lordly lords, indeed, I like them best as Uncle Andrew limned them.

badges, tartans, war cries or slogans, and that's all," he told me over and over again.

The chiefship was hereditary in a way, and the chief's oldest son was usually chosen to succeed him, but *he was chosen* or his succession was sanctioned always.

The members of a clan were tied together and each to one another by a patriarchal bond. In the earliest days and in the case of the MacDonalds of the Isles, down to comparatively modern times, they were never vassals of their chief, but his kinsmen, supporters, and possibly his tenants.[1]

They fought (I gathered from Uncle Andrew's stories that they did little else) principally with swords, battle axes and long pikes or spears.[2] This involved hand to hand conflict in battle, and necessitated the early adoption of ways and means of identification, so as to enable the warriors, in their furious scrimmages, to discriminate between friend and foe. This is likely the way the slogans, badges and, finally, the tartans came into use.

The war-cry of Clan MacDonald of the Isles was Gaelic, i. e., "Fraoch Eilean"; which, translated, is

[1]A clipping that I cannot identify, nor therefore credit, bears upon this point illuminatingly. It is as follows: "The individual members who composed a clan were bound to him by the ties of kin. They were descended from his family, and could count exactly the degree of their descent; and the right of primogeniture, together with the weakness of the law to reach inaccessible countries, had in the revolution of centuries converted these natural principles of connection between the chief and his people into the most sacred ties of human life. The castle of the chief was a kind of palace, to which every man of his clan was welcome and where he was entertained according to his station in time of peace, and to which all flocked at the sound of war. Thus the meanest of the clan, believing himself to be as well-born as the head of it, revered his chief and respected himself.

The clansmen did not look upon their chiefs as merely their landlords, but as the representatives of the old patriarchs or fathers of the clan, for they held the same authority after having lost their estates, and the members of the clan felt themselves as much bound for the chief's support as when he

"The Heathery Isle." The badge was a sprig or bunch of heather or common heath.

The war-cry of the Clanranald-MacDonald was, in Gaelic, "Dh' aindeoin co theiradh e;" in English, "Gainsay who dare." The badge was also "Fraoch," or common heath.

The tartans, both of which are very like one another, are pictured on two of the plates shown as illustrations herein.

In time feudalism *did* make its way into Scotland, and with it came heraldry and armorial insignia. Then the war-cries were utilized as mottoes—in the case of the MacDonalds generally with a galley, an eagle and the Fiery Cross superimposed on the mast of the galley. They all differ in other respects, but are alike in these. Uncle Andrew was never greatly interested in them. He never regarded them with any great favor. I am inclined to think that he resented their adoption and looked upon them as un-Scottish or at least un-MacDonaldish. Many of his heirlooms, souvenirs and momentoes were engraved with them, and he knew

---

was in full possession of his rights. There are several instances on record where, on the estate being confiscated by the government and the chief in exile, the clansmen subjected themselves to a voluntary assessment for his support.

For such loyalty and devotion the chief was bound to protect his followers, even against the laws, and he was held accountable to the law for depredations or violence committed by any member of the clan, and he was also bound to provide for any member of the clan. Thus, the connection was sustained by mutual benefits and kind offices, the most condescending manners being employed on both sides.

[2]The Scotch clansmen were indifferent archers. James Taylor, in his History of Scotland (page 282, vol. 1), says: "The spear was the favorite weapon of the Scottish soldiers, and all attempts to supersede it with the bow completely failed, although the superiority of the latter in the hands of the English was manifested in many a bloody field. The few archers to be found in the Scottish army were chiefly Highlanders and Islesmen, who were greatly inferior to English bowmen, both in the size of their weapons and in their mode of handling them."

how to differentiate these; but when he did so he always spoke half mockingly, even sneeringly.

Not so of the tartans, slogans and badges, however. These he revered.

It is worthy of note, too, that he always spoke of "our tartans" and "our slogans"; i. e., using the plural, and referring to both those of Clan Donald and Clanranald, and never of "our tartan" or "our motto."

The patronymic Donaldson (though in the case of our lines of Norse extraction) is ninety-nine times out of a hundred an Anglicism. It is MacDonald Anglicized. "Mac" means "son of," hence MacDonald means "son of Donald" or "Donald's son"—from which Donaldson.

There is little doubt that all,[1] or very nearly all, Donaldsons have descended from MacDonalds, but having changed their name they have in a way repudiated their origin, and in all endeavors to re-establish it the burden of proof is upon them.

The Clan MacDonald (MacDonalds of the Isles) is the oldest and most famous of the Scottish clans. It is often referred to as "Scotland's premier clan," "Scotland's proudest clan," "The Clan of Clans," etc., etc.

THE BADGE

of all the Clans MacDonald was a Sprig of Heather
(Common heath)
in Gaelic—Froach gorm.

SLOGANS or WAR CRYS

MacDonald, N. & S.—Froach Eilean. The Heathery Isle.
Clanranald—Dh' Aindeoin co theireadh e. Gainsay who dare.

[1]So also are any persons bearing any of the following surnames, viz.: MacDonell, MacConnell, MacAllister, MacEachan (MacKechnie), MacColl, MacInness, MacLaverty (MacLarty), MacIntyre, MacIan, Mackean, Alexander, Martin or Darroch.

CLAN PIPE MUSIC
(*Distinctive*)

MAC DONALD OF THE ISLES

Name—Gaelic	Tune	English Name
Failte Chlann Donuill	Salute	MacDonald's Salute.
Failte Ridir Seumas nan Eilan	Salute	Sir James MacDonald of the Isles' Salute.
Failte na Bain-tigh-earna nic Dhonuill	Salute	Lady Margaret MacDonald's Salute.
Lamh dhearg Chlann Donuill	Gathering	The Red Hand of the MacDonalds.
Spaidsearchd Mhic Dhonuill	March	March of the MacDonalds.
Cumha an Ridir Seumas MacDhonuill nan Eilean	Lament	Lament for Sir James MacDonald of the Isles.
Cumha Bain-tigh earna Mhic Dhonuill	Lament	Lament for Lady MacDonald.
Cumha Mhorair Chlann Donuill	Lament	Lament for Lord MacDonald.

MAC DONALD OF CLANRANALD

Name—Gaelic	Tune	English Name
Failte Mhic Mhic Ailein	Salute	Clanranald's Salute.
Cruinneachadh Mhic Mhic Ailein	Gathering	Clanranald's Gathering.
Spaidsearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein	March	Clanranald's March.
Cumha Mhic Mhic Ailein	Lament	Lament for Clanranald.

THE FAMILY TRADITION

ACCORDING to the family tradition, as I had it from my Granduncle Andrew (Andrew Donaldson VII, in these records), the first of our line to bear our patronymic was John MacDonald, son of Donald of Harlaw, chief of the Clan Donald (The MacDonalds of the Isles), and a mighty warrior who defeated the "whole of England and most of Lowland Scotland" at the Battle of Harlaw, which history fixes as fought July 24, 1411.

John MacDonald was not born until his father was well along in years and, having given over his turbulent career, was grown religious and extremely pious. Being the child of his father's old age, he was also the "apple of his eye," and received every educational advantage that the times and region afforded.

Also, he was greatly indulged, and, it would seem, grew up selfwilled and restive under restraint and authority—a defiant youth with a mind of his own. He early entered one of the religious orders of the islands, quarreled with his superiors, left it and entered another, and left the latter, vowing to set up one of his own.

In this he was vetoed by an elder brother, who was bishop of the Isles. This led to a bitter family strife and discord, and when he determined to carry out his plans elsewhere, both his father and his elder brothers, in the interest of peace and harmony, right gladly abetted and aided him.

He was outfitted and in due time sailed away to take up his labors among the Norsemen in the islands of the far north. These islands were supposed to be the Orkneys, but may have been the Shetlands. He was cordially and hospitably received by the Norsemen, who dubbed him "Donald's son."

Years after, a foray on a large scale was planned by the MacDonalds of Clanranald, and successfully carried out against the inhabitants of these same islands. It was a memorable event and for long after was referred to as "the great creach."

Soon after they had descended upon the islands, the marauders encountered, or, mayhap captured, a man who, by reason of the fact that he could speak their tongue (Gaelic), and Norse too, proved useful to them. He turned out to be Andrew Donaldson, a son of John MacDonald who, some twenty or thirty years previously, had proceeded to those parts, bent upon spreading a new faith, but had ended by attaching himself to the household of the jarl[1] or chief of the Norsemen, in the capacity of a tutor, and ultimately marrying and raising a family of at least one son. He had died before the MacDonald raid, and his son, whom he had seen was well educated along with his other charges, had succeeded him and was acting in the same capacity at the castle. This son was also married and had a son.

The men of Clanranald who participated in this expedition of pillage and spoliation were not led by the chief of the clan, but by his son Allan—afterwards Allan

[1]Andrew R. Donaldson, of St. Louis, son of Alexander Donaldson VII, says that this was the Earl of Orkney; that he never heard the Shetland Islands mentioned. He was rather inclined to think that it was the grandson of John MacDonald, not his son, that was encountered by the Clanranald raiders on the great creach, but was not so positive on this point.

MacRory, also called the Mighty Allan—who was long regarded as the most famous chief of his line.

He and Andrew Donaldson I were of about the same age and took an instant liking to each other, which led to Allan proposing that the other accompany himself and his men back home, and offering him special inducements to take charge of the education of his (Allan's) children. The invitation was accepted, and he and his descendants after him were honored tutors at Castle Tirrim for several generations.

The name of the son born to Andrew Donaldson in the Orkneys (or the Shetlands) also was Andrew, and he in turn named his son Andrew. "And that is why the name persists as a fitting one for the first born," Uncle Andrew would always conclude, "in our line from that time to this."[1]

I could expand and amplify the foregoing account of the family tradition greatly if I could trust my memory and had the time to fasten upon, fix, and fit into it, only a few of the many elusive, dim and hazy whisps and scraps of recollections floating about in odd recesses of my mind. A few months since I chanced upon a clipping in which the name of Ranald Bane was mentioned. Instantly I recognized it as one often mentioned by Uncle Andrew, and was able to recall that he was the son of Allan MacRory and, furthermore, associated him instantly with a story in which his stepmother, by intrigue and conspiracy, had endeavored to oust him

[1]Uncle Andrew (Andrew Donaldson VII) always contended that wherever a name other than Andrew appears in our family record it was not that of the first born of the family, but indicated a break in the primogeniture. Research has proven, however, that his own grandfather was twice married and that he named his first born James, after himself, and his second son, Alexander, after his brother. Uncle Andrew's father (Andrew Donaldson VI) was the first child by his second marriage.

PEDIGREE OF WILLIAM

Somerled, born about 11

Reginald+

Donald I+

Angus Mor Macdonald-

Angus Og Macdonald-

John Macdonald+ Marg

Donald of Harlow+

Alexander Macdonald III

Angus, Bishop of the Isl

Andrew Donaldson I+

Andrew Donaldson II+

Alexander Donaldson I

Andrew Donaldson III-

James Donaldson I-

John Donaldson II, die

James Donaldson II+

John Donaldson III

Andrew Donaldson IV,

Andrew Donaldson V, 1

Alexander Donaldson I

Jean Galbraith (1759)—James Donaldson III (1773)+Janet Cunningh
died before 1795 | alive in 1795

Andrew Donaldson VI (1808)+ Catherine Fleming
born in 1774 in Blantyre | born in Blantyre, 1788

Andrew b. 1809

William+Ann Mills
b. 1810
d. 1841

Alex. b. 1812

Ann b. 1816

Elizabeth b. 1819

John b. 1822

Catherin b. 1825

William Mills Donaldson
b. March 14, 1840

M MILLS DONALDSON

ıt 1100+

ald+

ld+

Margaret, daughter of King Robert II

e Isles — John Macdonald+

I+

II+

ɔn I+

III+

+

died 1611+

I+

IV, married 1669+Agnes McLay

V, born 1673+

ɔn II+Catherine McGregor

ngham 795 — Alexander Donaldson merchant in Glasgow — John Donaldson soldier, wounded at Bunker Hill

ng 1788 — Margaret born 1776 — Janet born 1778 m. Chas. Goff Edinburgh, 1823 — born 1781 — John born 1784 soldier, died 1820 — William born 1788 seaman, killed in action 1807

erine 325

from the chieftainship of Clanranald and substitute one of her own sons.

Without pretending any great degree of credibility for the story itself, which is frankly legendary, I prefer to let it go as told above. I am sure of its main points. Though it is far from complete it is authentic, as I had it from Uncle Andrew and every detail can be relied upon.

I distinctly recollect that while Uncle Andrew knew of and frequently mentioned John, Angus Og, Angus Mor, Donald, Reginald and Somerled (or at least most of them), he regarded all of the lore concerning the chiefs preceding Donald of Harlaw as legendary, and that anent Sumerled even mythical. Time and again, however, I remember when he mentioned Donald of Harlaw (I long thought it was "Donald O'Harlow) or his exploits, he would say "and this is historical" or "and that is history."

He would have marveled to learn that in this day not only are all the chiefs from Sumerled down to Donald of Harlaw solidly established historically, but that the line is carried back three generations in Giolla Brighde, Giolla Adamhnan and Solomh, and that these are now considered semi-historical personages.

WILLIAM MILLS DONALDSON

WILLIAM MILLS DONALDSON was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on March 14, 1840, the second son of William Donaldson and Ann Mills Donaldson, and christened simply William Donaldson. At the time of his birth his father, an expert machinist and millwright, was in the Bayou Teche country (?) of Louisiana, delivering and erecting sugar mill machinery for the firm of Lyon & Bell, of Cincinnati. His mother, anxious to help her husband to protect and hold certain real estate investments he had made in Dayton, Ohio, had been, prior to her accouchement, thriftily helping a sister with the conduct of a boarding house which the latter operated with considerable success. Soon after the birth of her son she felt impelled to return to her position, inasmuch as she not only thereby avoided depleting the family savings for her support, and that of her child, but was able to augment them substantially with contributions of her own earnings. To this end she arranged with her husband's parents, then residing in Newport, Kentucky, to care for the infant, which she contrived to see during her evenings and on Sunday afternoons. And so, when William Mills Donaldson, at about a week old (accounts differ on this point, some having it six, some five, and one even four days), he became a resident of the great Commonwealth, and the incident furnished him with grounds on which to base his proud and, excepting his Scotch lineage, his one and

only boast, i. e., that he had lived in Kentucky practically all his life.[1]

At this time his grandparents were living in a house that stood on the southeast corner of Monmouth and Bellevue (now Fourth) Streets, in Newport, Kentucky. The town had about 1,500 inhabitants. East Row (now Washington Avenue) marked its extreme eastern limit, and Columbia Street bounded it on the west. Madison and Jefferson Streets (now respectively Fifth and Sixth Streets) had been laid out, but were so sparsely built up that the location of the house occupied by his grandparents was spoken of as being on the outskirts of the town.[2]

His uncle, John Donaldson, and his aunts, Ann, Elizabeth and Catherine, the latter barely fifteen years of age, were still living with their mother and father, and the baby never lacked for care and attention.

His father died in the south when he was a few months old, and his widowed mother, now thrown entirely upon her own resources, resolutely faced the task of providing for herself and son. To this end she took a half interest in her sister's business and together they conducted it very successfully for eight or ten years thereafter.

He was a puny baby and as a boy far from robust. His uncles and aunts, however, always united in testifying to the fact that he was very, almost preternaturally, bright for his years, and this is borne out by the fact that he was sent to school at the early age of

[1]His maternal grandmother was a relative of Daniel Boone. See genealogy of the Mills family.

[2]There was also a small number of houses down near the Licking River that had sprang up around a Catholic church erected there, but this was separated by long reaches of commons from Columbia Street west.

five. The first school he attended was in the "old schoolhouse" on Bellevue (now Fourth) Street, between Saratoga and Monmouth. This site is still occupied by a schoolhouse, also now respectably old, but it replaced the one above referred to.

When he was six years of age his uncles and aunts and his mother determined to give his grandparents a home, both at this time nearing the age of seventy years. Each contributed accordingly to his or her means, and a comfortable house on a lot on the east side of York Street, between Jefferson and Mayo Streets (now respectively Sixth and Seventh Streets), was purchased and the old folks domiciled therein.

William Mills Donaldson continued to abide there until nearly, if not quite, nineteen years of age. His grandparents were both staunch Presbyterians of the old school. They saw to it that their grandson went not only to Sunday School but to church, and regularly too. There were family prayers at home every evening just before the members retired, and grace was said at every meal. The boy early mastered the Catechism and his Sunday reading was carefully restricted to religious and ethical subjects.

His grandmother exercised a very great influence over him. Doubtless his mother did also, but she was the bread winner and spent much of her time in that capacity. The grandmother was a staunch and fervent Christian woman, kind of heart, gentle in manner, tolerant and forebearing, yet very firm and, when occasion required, even sternly uncompromising.

The boy loved his mother, but he idolized his grandmother. She left a deep and lasting impress on his disposition and character.

To his grandfather he owed his love for reading. Andrew Donaldson VI, was an omnivorous reader, and though denied the advantages of a college course in his youth, made himself a widely informed and exceedingly well educated man. He was a stickler when it came to the question of the schooling of his grandson. He doubtless would have seen the latter through college had it not been for the boy's frail physique and poor health. As it was, he watched the lad's reading and early instilled in him a taste for worthwhile books, and when these were not to be borrowed or obtained from the libraries of the day, as for instance in the case of text books, he called upon his sons (uncles of William Mills Donaldson) to provide them. Incidentally, he never called vainly. They always responded cheerfully and with alacrity.

The boy continued his schooling in Newport, frequently broken into and interrupted by illness, until he was nine. On account of his mental alertness, and also owing doubtless in no small measure to his close and constant association with his grandfather, these breaks and interruptions were far from causing him to fall behind in his studies. On the contrary, he was always ahead in his classes and consequently thrown with boys materially older. This was unfortunate because, according to one of his uncles (Andrew) he was naturally of a shy and retiring disposition, much given to introspection and day-dreaming[1] and, too, not very well

[1]His imagination in early childhood was very vivid. The narrator had from his Aunt Ann (Paterson) the following story of an instance in point. His grandfather was in the habit of taking him for long strolls on Sunday afternoons. On one occasion they visited a certain creek that was full of fish. Walking along the edge of the creek, the old gentleman noted that they were unusually plentiful and remarked, "They'll be bitin' fine the noo."

Several weeks later their stroll took them thither again and the lad lingered, peering into the water, after his grandfather had resumed his walk.

understood. His childhood would have been much less lonely had he had more companions of his own age or the physical strength and stamina to have vied and contended with his classmates in their sports, games and pastimes.[1]

When he was ten years of age his mother died,[2] and thus, doubly orphaned, he was thrown more than ever upon his own resources, his dreams and his imagination. He lived much within himself and was given far too much to reading. When he played it was generally by himself. When he went fishing, usually it was alone. The result was as might have been expected. He was not outgrowing his physical disabilities. This was a matter of considerable concern to his relatives. Speaking of it in after years his aunt Ann (Paterson) declared that they never expected to raise him.

Mentally he was as bright as ever, even precociously so, for in his eleventh year at Lynn's School, a private institution in Newport, he was studying Latin and algebra, and won a prize for proficiency in the latter.

Presently, the old gentleman heard the child calling him and waited for him. When, all breathless, he came up, he was holding out an elbow and crying "See, grandfather, see!" Then, turning his own eyes on his elbow, his face fell in disappointment as he exclaimed: "Oh! it's gone!"

His explanation was that, as he was watching the fishes in the little stream, one of them rose out of the water, soared through the air toward him, and seized his coat at the elbow.

When told he imagined it, he was highly indignant and insisted that the experience was real; that it actually happened.

[1]He had a standing among his schoolmates, however. This assertion is attested by the fact that he wore a nickname. He was affectionately and familiarly called "Wallie" Donaldson. This was probably as near as Young America could come to the richly burred Scotch "Wullie," by which his grandparents addressed him.

[2]His uncle, John Donaldson, then twenty-eight years old, was appointed his guardian, but the whole family and, especially his Aunt Ann Paterson, managed his estate.

At the end of the school term, in his twelfth year, in spite of his poor health and lack of strength, he announced that he wanted to leave school and go to work. He was probably prompted to this course by the example of his classmates, all of them, however, older and much stronger than he.

His relatives did not approve his plan, but finding him firmly bent upon it, and disposed rather to humor than cross him, yielded.[1] He obtained a position as apprentice in an oilcloth factory, at the southwest corner of Mayo and Eastern Row (now Seventh and Washington Avenue), at a weekly wage of two dollars. This wage meant considerably more in that day than this and, besides, supplemented with his meager income, made him quite independent, and gave him his first taste of the joys of such a state. The confinement, however, together with the odor of the varnish in the factory, proved too much for him. His health failed entirely and he had to quit work, but not until he had collapsed completely.

Long before he was sufficiently recovered he was at school again, for he had by this time resolved upon a professional career and was fully aware that an education was an indispensable preliminary, with the result that he was once more subject to periodical breakdowns, which became more and more frequent, until he finally had to give up.

In his extremity, and on the advice of friends, he sought and obtained work with a farmer, hoping that

[1]His mother's estate—most carefully and judiciously handled by John Donaldson, his uncle—yielded him a steady though a slender income, which, however, was quite sufficient to have warranted his continuing school. The significance of the incident is, that we encounter in it the tremendous will and determination that he was even then developing, and which afterwards proved such factors in his successful business career.

life in the open might bring him some measure of strength and bodily vigor. He was fourteen by this time and had grown very tall, but was extremely thin and lanky. The farmer's name was James Craig, and his farm lay in Franklin County, Indiana. He was a Scotchman and consequently thrifty. Also he took great pride in his farm, his stock and the improvements on his land. His barns, granaries and outbuildings were well built, and almost the only ones for miles about that were painted. His home was large, roomy and comfortable. He lived well and maintained an excellent table.

His health improved rapidly from the very first day he took up life on the farm. He liked the people and enjoyed the work, becoming rapidly proficient in it. James Craig grew greatly attached to him, even offering to adopt him, but at the end of a year the desire to get back to school and resume the acquirement of the much-coveted education had grown so strong that he could no longer withstand it, so he declined the proffer and announced his determination of returning to Newport.

James Craig, though greatly disappointed, did not try to dissuade him. Instead he hitched up his team and drove him all the way to Venice, Ohio, where he could catch a stage for Cincinnati, and at parting presented him with forty dollars in gold, much to his protege's astonishment and delight. It was the largest sum of money that he had possessed up to that time, and in after life he was proud of telling how loath, it being even money, he was to break into it and how his great desire to take it home intact was gratified.

There was his hotel bill at Venice and his seat in the stage from Venice to Cincinnati to be paid for, and there

did not seem any way out, when along came a huckster, whose wagon had broken down in front of the Craig farm several days previously, and whom he had helped in his dilemma, working far into the night and refusing remuneration therefore, as was customary.

After greetings had been exchanged, he told his friend the huckster of his good fortune and how, in his great desire to exhibit it unbroken to his folks at home, he had almost decided to negotiate the distance from Venice to Cincinnati on foot. The huckster smiled indulgently over his naive admissions, but delighted him by informing him that he himself was enroute to Cincinnati, and offering him a seat in his wagon, which would save the coach fare.

Elated, he gave his gold to the landlord for safe-keeping and went to bed, secure in the knowledge that the precious store would only be depleted to the extent of the hotel bill—about a dollar. Another gratifying surprise was in store for him, however. The next morning the landlord handed over his treasure unbroken, with the statement that the huckster had also paid the hotel bill. Thus was the journey to Cincinnati made memorable and his arrival home a memorable occasion.

The youth now began to consider the professions very carefully. He was taking thought of his life work. The desirability of an education, instilled in his mind by his grandfather, was made more manifest than ever and his determination to obtain one fired anew.

Slowly but surely he settled upon medicine as his choice. He would be a doctor—perhaps a great surgeon. Just how this ambition had its genesis or

development he was never able to trace in after life. But it necessitated a high-school course as preparatory to entrance to medical college, so he promptly entered what would now be called the intermediate school,[1] feeling certain that with ill health no longer handicapping him he could, in a short time, qualify for and pass the necessary examinations for Woodward High School. While at the lower school, which was also attended by a cousin of his named Will Donaldson,[2] they were both much confused with one another. This led him to take a middle name. He adopted that of his mother—Mills—and he was thereafter known as "Will M." or "William M.", and the confusion largely done away with. His teacher at the intermediate school was a Miss Wing. She had known his mother and perhaps on this account took more than a passing interest in the boy. At any rate, he made both "B" and "A" grades in one term.

The next step on the way to Woodward was the Ellen Street School, located on Mt. Adams, in Cincinnati. His teacher at this school was Daniel E. Hough,[3] a splendid educator and a very kind and tolerant man. Professor Hough was one of the early devotees of the "spare the boy, let the rod go hang" cult, and greatly endeared himself to all his scholars by his forbearance, his sympathy and his understanding of the boy heart.

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[1]While William Mills Donaldson was attending the public schools of Cincinnati he made his home with his Aunt Ann Paterson. She was like a mother to him. He never forgot her care and kindness, and his gratitude to her abided with him always.

[2]This Will Donaldson was a son of William Mills Donaldson's Uncle Alexander Donaldson. He became a very fine machinist, a great Mason and lived long in Kentucky.

[3]Professor Hough continued to teach at the Ellen Street School until about 1860, when he went to Indianapolis and entered the employ of a school-book publishing concern.

The subject of these lines, in particular, grew very fond of him and in after life was much given to relating the following anecdote: "I have always taken keen delight in fishing, and never more so than while I was attending school under Professor Hough. When Spring came rumors reached us that the fishing 'at the mouth of the canal' was very fine. This magic spot lay just at the foot of the hill (Mt. Adams), scarcely more than five or six blocks from the school. What was more natural than that at the noon recess a bunch of us boys should forego luncheon for the delights of anglings, and become so engrossed therein that we overstayed our time and arrived at the schoolhouse late for the afternoon session.

"And what was more characteristic of Professor Hough than for him to let us off with a few words of reproof and the admonition that it must not occur again.

"But it did the very next day, much to our shame and honest regret, for we had firmly agreed among ourselves that we must not again impose on the patience and good nature of our teacher. Once in the fascinating grip of the sport though, we had simply lost all thought of other things.

"However, we once more escaped with a serious talking to but were told that we must not expect further lenience, and promised a severe rattaning if the offence was repeated.

"Imagine then our feelings when, upon hustling back up the hill the third day, we approached the school only to find that the last bell had rung and we were tardy again. I distinctly remember we were not scared nor

panicky. On the contrary, we were very much put out with ourselves. Late as we were, we had a little council before entering the school, but were unable to formulate any promising course of procedure, and in the end just filed into the classroom and took our seats as usual, but with bowed heads and cheeks flaming with shame and embarrassment.

"There ensued a few minutes of deep silence. Then we were duly called out before the principal's desk. He surveyed us carefully and was plainly more troubled than were we. He spoke to us with much feeling, pointing out that he had solemnly promised to punish us, reminded us how ardently he had hoped to get through the year without recourse to the hated rattan, and then asked us what he was to do under the circumstances. We were all deeply affected, one of our number, a lad named Jim Loudon, particularly so, perhaps, but if not he had initiative. Taking a step forward he said: 'Mr. Hough, we are very sorry, sir. We feel very badly but we will feel much worse if we had to blame ourselves for your breaking your word. I ask you to punish me, as you said you would.'

"Silently, and with every manifestation of aversion, Professor Hough complied with the request, administering two stripes, one over each shoulder, very lightly laid on. Each of us in turn repeated Loudon's request and received the same penalty.

"It was a very solemn proceeding to the whole classroom save one scamp, a boy known to us as 'Cooney' Kane. There was something about it that stirred his risibilities and, beginning with titters, prodded him into chuckles and finally into raucous laughter.

"When he had finished with the last of the culprits, Professor Hough called Kane out and administered to him a real hiding."

Professor Hough exercised great influence over William Mills Donaldson, and left a deep and lasting impression upon him, as in fact he seems to have done on all his pupils, because for years, whenever they would chance to meet, Mr. Hough was always mentioned or inquired after.

The youth, William Mills Donaldson, passed his examinations in June, 1855, and entered Woodward High School (Cincinnati) in September of that same year. Though but fifteen years of age, he was tall, strong and weighed in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty pounds. During July and August he turned his hand to whatever work he could get, in the hope of earning his tuition at medical college, but did not meet with much success. As a consequence, although there was ample time, he sought an understanding with his guardian, who, in the ensuing colloquy, learned for the first time of his nephew's ambition to become a physician. He also learned that a course in the medical college involved the dissipation of all or nearly all the small patrimony left to his ward by his mother, and interposed a strong and positive veto.

Uncle John Donaldson, in whose care it had been left, refused to consider any suggestion that would lead to the small capital being impaired or encroached upon, even in the slightest way. He regarded his trust as a serious, nay, a sacred one. His stern, rigid Scotch sense of duty prescribed that that estate was to be handed over to the heir when he had arrived at years

of discretion. Until such time it was to be carefully conserved. And that was the end of the chapter.

Despite his firm refusal, his nephew entered high school and from time to time endeavored to win his uncle over. There was nothing doing. He could not be moved and, finally, finding that pleading and argument were alike unavailing, the young man determined to go to work and earn the money necessary for tuition, text books, and other incidental expenses.[1] So he quit school and, casting about for employment, secured a situation with the old firm of Middleton-Wallace & Co., Lithographers, Cincinnati. His duties were to do a little of everything when he first started in, but he soon got to work upon the presses and in time became a good printer. In 1857 (June 23), his guardian and uncle, John Donaldson, died and his Aunt Ann (Paterson) was appointed in that capacity. His mother, at her death, had left him a house and lot on Rickey (now Dayton) Street, in Newport, thirty-two building lots in Dayton, Ohio, and about three hundred dollars in cash. When he assumed charge of his own affairs, which he did when he was nineteen years of age, he discovered that during her life his mother had sent the money to pay the taxes on the lots in Dayton, Ohio, to an acquaintance who had failed to so apply it. After her death the money was tied up for several years in a bank failure (that of Ellis & Sturgis) and the taxes got

[1]That he was not easily swerved from his purpose is proved by the tenacity with which he held to this plan of becoming a doctor, for just as soon as his earnings warranted, he tried to realize his ambition via the night school route and attended lectures for a few weeks. The smell of the dissecting room seems to have "cured him." He then concluded that he would be a farmer, and in 1859, actually purchased one hundred and sixty acres of fine prairie land in Kansas. It could be had in those day for a very nominal price.

further behind. His Aunt Ann, when she became his guardian, probably thought that the taxes were by that time so far in arrears that the lots were not worth redemption.

In 1859, the young man, now the captain of his own destiny, decided to investigate the situation. He redeemed two of the lots, but had not the means to do more.[1] These he afterward disposed of at a small profit, giving a deed, although a minor. This was the first real estate transaction of his life, the precursor, however, of many, many more that were to follow.

At this time[2] he was a tall, slender, but well set-up young fellow, with an interesting face and curly hair, who dressed plainly, possessed an aggressive mind, forceful tongue, and easily held his own among his associates, all of whom were men three and four years his senior.

With Middleton-Wallace & Co. he had the good will of all those with whom he worked, and eventually was apprenticed for four years. The indentures would have held him until he was nearly twenty-one years of age, but just then he formed the acquaintance of a comely girl, Jane Porter by name, and it was not long until he was violently in love with her.

Then it became a question of getting married. At this time he was working for six dollars per week. The purchasing power of six dollars at that time was about

[1]When he was twenty-two years old he was called upon for a quit-claim as a consequence, and again some ten or twelve years later.

[2]This is upon the testimony of Dee Williams and William Wallace Mills, both of whom saw much of him in his early manhood. The latter was his cousin and assured the writer many times and oft that "Will" was the life of every party and a great favorite with the girls, as well as the young men with whom he mingled.

equal to fifteen dollars today, but he knew that he could not marry on that salary. In his extremity he went to Mr. Middleton and offered him one hundred dollars for his last apprentice year. His offer was accepted and he got married shortly afterwards. In those days pressmen were paid by piece work, and in his first week he earned eleven dollars. He realized that he was a man now with a man's responsibilities, although he was only twenty years of age.

He was married on the ninth day of May, 1860. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Charles Rorer, in the village of Brooklyn (now part of Dayton), Kentucky. Jane Porter was the daughter of Joshua Porter, descendant of a long line of (landed North-of-Ireland) Porters, and his wife[1] Mary Nixon Porter. Owing to a love for blooded horses, racing, and the life that goes with them, the Porters had seen their holdings diminish from a demesne to a mere farm in County Cavan, which, when Joshua Porter sold it, brought but eight hundred pounds in gold. He came to America via New Orleans, but did not fancy the Crescent City and made his way to Cincinnati, finally taking up his residence in Jamestown, Ky. He brought with him besides Jane, a son, Robert Porter, who became a prosperous farmer in Campbell County, Kentucky, and another daughter, Matilda, who eventually married George Schriver, a carpenter and builder, of Newport, Kentucky, and John Porter, a son. Joshua Porter's

[1]Joshua Porter and Mary Nixon, who were first cousins, were married at Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, in 1837. Joshua Porter had three brothers, Hugh, Samuel and Matthew, but did not correspond with them after coming to America. Hugh's daughter, Elizabeth Porter, was living at Clugaugh House, Ballyjamesduff in 1910. The parents of Joshua Porter were Joshua Porter and Elizabeth Chesney.

William Mills Donaldson as a Youth

convivial habits and penchant for racing and cards finally proved his undoing.

But to return to the career of William Mills Donaldson. He and his wife started housekeeping in the house on Rickey (now Dayton) Street, in Newport, which he had inherited from his mother. All went well for a while and the young couple were extremely happy.

The following December, however, the establishment of Middleton-Wallace & Co. closed down. The Civil War was coming on. The customers of the firm were almost exclusively business houses in the south. Middleton-Wallace & Co. felt that in the event of the war the work they might undertake in the meantime would not be paid for when completed, and war seemed inevitable. What was true of Middleton-Wallace & Co. was true of nearly all other Cincinnati lithographic concerns. The young husband was thrown out of employment and with very slim chances of securing work at his trade. He was greatly discouraged. His bride must have shared his anxiety, but she maintained a hopeful attitude and strove to cheer him with optimistic homilies and dissertation. She also accomplished wonders in the way of economies.

But for all that, the winter of 1860-61 proved a hard and a trying one. He and a close chum and fellow lithographer, Henry Elms, went to Chicago to get work, but, while they both secured positions, the outlook in that city was not much better nor the chance of steady employment very great.

Toward the end of January, 1861, however, just about the time that the young husband was concluding that his only recourse was to join the army, business expe-

rienced a revival. Middleton-Wallace & Co. resumed and his financial anxieties were relieved.

Meantime Cincinnati was given over to war excitement and enthusiasm. Companies were formed with great rapidity and quickly absorbed into regiments. Across the river in Newport the activity was almost as great; in fact, all the country round about was one vast armed camp.

Small wonder then that, despite his wife and precarious means of providing for her, young Donaldson should finally become infected.

He joined a Campbell County regiment—the Forty-second Kentucky State Troops—as a private and attained a first sergeancy. The regiment was chiefly utilized for guard duty and was frequently called into service and sent to different parts of the state. Shortly after joining this regiment his first son, Robert Porter Donaldson, named after his wife's brother, was born. This child died in infancy.

When not engaged on guard duty with his regiment, he followed his trade with Middleton-Wallace & Co. and contrived to make both ends meet. Early in 1862, following a disagreement with his employers, he resigned and took a position with the old firm of Ehrgot & Forbriger. He found them to be very fine men and he was very happy in his new surroundings.

The work was hard and exacting, but the firm was appreciative and liberal. He rose rapidly, soon attaining the foremanship of a small but important department. His earnings were substantial and comparatively handsome, and with the aid of his wife he contrived to save quite a sum from month to month.

He was often moved in after life to observe that he looked back on the days spent in Ehrgot & Forbriger's employ as among the most pleasant and enjoyable of his early life.

In February (the twenty-fourth), 1861, he suffered a severe blow in the death of his grandmother (Catherine Fleming Donaldson), who passed away at the age of seventy-four. Although she had grown very childish in the latter years of her life, and had become quite a care, his grief was great. She had been much more than a grandmother to him—had been, in fact, in the years following his mother's death, both mother and grandmother. A strong bond of love existed between them, and, as he grew older and became more sensible of what he owed to her, his affectionate regard for her deepened and grew stronger. He mourned her loss long and sincerely.

Always ambitious, and encouraged by his success and the sympathy and understanding of his wife, he began to consider the idea of going into business for himself. One of the first strong friendships of his manhood was contracted with the Henry Elms before mentioned, an English lithographic printer, whom he first encountered while in the employ of Middleton-Wallace & Co. They became greatly attached to each other. When young Donaldson sought employment in Chicago, Elms accompanied him thither. When the former left Middleton-Wallace & Co. for Ehrgot & Forbriger's, the latter did likewise. They had the same friends, sought the same diversions, and entertained many views and opinions in common.

Henry, or Harry as he was generally known among his friends and in the lithographic trade, was an indus-

trious, jovial and very likable chap, with a tremendous capacity for work. But, like all hard workers, he played very hard when he played and took small thought of the morrow. As a consequence, he saved but little, so when the subject of going into business was broached to him by his intimate friend, who suggested a partnership, he was willing, even enthusiastic, but had not the wherewithall to do so.

This difficulty, however, was readily overcome. Young Donaldson arranged a loan for him from his (Donaldson's) relatives. An opportunity to purchase part of a small lithographic business, owned by a man named Saur, soon presented itself. This was done and on August 10, 1863[1], the firm of Donaldson & Elms was duly launched in quarters on the third floor of a building on the north side of Court Street, just west of Main, in Cincinnati.[2]

The partners were very economical, each drawing very small salaries from the young business and applying themselves zealously to its development. They

[1]For many years the date was observed as a holiday and celebrated with a "fishing party" (in reality a picnic or "fish-fry"), on the Dayton, Kentucky, sandbar, opposite Ohmer's Garden, in Pendleton (now East End, Cincinnati). A locally famous old fisherman named Clark "seined" the fish and fried them; bread and butter and kegs of beer were procured as needed from the garden, and the employes went swimming, boated, played baseball and made merry in divers ways.

[2]When the firm of Donaldson & Elms opened for business in the tiny quarters on Court Street in 1863, the employees other than the two partners could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Among these was an apprentice boy, Henry Mentel to his relatives, family and friends, but to his employers, fellow employees and later throughout all "the trade," known as "John" Mentel. Just how or why no one, not even Mr. Mentel himself, could ever explain.

Some ten months after casting his lot with the new firm, he left it to accept a position with a concern in Louisville, Kentucky, but in less than a year was back with Donaldson & Elms, and remained with the business all the rest of his life. The friendship that developed between William M. Donaldson and "John" Mentel, and then ripened and mellowed with the years of close intimate association, was a most precious one.

turned out almost entirely what was known in the vernacular of the trade as "commercial work"—that is, letterheads, billheads, statements, business cards and, mayhap, a few labels.

Both partners worked at the presses, but from the very first, by common consent, it fell to Donaldson to keep the modest set of books, look after the collections, do the banking, make the estimates, conduct the correspondence and drum up business whenever necessary. Partly on this account (thereby becoming the "outside man," he met more men and was in a better position to obtain suggestions and ideas than his partner), but probably owing to a certain innate trait or characteristic that marked him throughout his entire life, and which kept him ever in quest of specialties and innovations, he conceived the idea of picture publishing. On this account, too, from the start, he was recognized as the directing or senior partner.

The partners experimented with the plan cautiously and in a small way at first, issuing prints in two colors (the process known to the trade as "Black and Tint") of battles and portraits of noted heroes in the Northern Army. These met with ready sale and proved quite a source of profit. Also, they attracted the attentions of a peculiar genius, a man named Mathews, who was turning his artistic talents to account by following the armies, making pictures of noted battles, having these reproduced in quantities and then selling the reproductions to the soldiers. Happening on some of Donaldson & Elms prints at the front, he promptly sought the new firm out and, after concluding satisfactory negotiations, gave them all his work. This increased the volume of

their business appreciably and compelled them to add new equipment and take on more help. Inasmuch as the partners determined to keep pushing their own publications and adding to the number of their line of subjects, this branch of their establishment grew rapidly also, and they soon found themselves in possession of quite a shop.

On April 19, 1864, a second son was born to him. This child he named William after himself and Henry after Henry Schriver, of Newport, Kentucky. In November of this same year he cast his first vote in a presidential campaign. It was for Abraham Lincoln.[1]

In 1864 the senior partner determined to undertake the publishing of chromos. This involved the investment of considerable capital, for the prints were executed in from nine to fourteen colors, and the process of printing them on hand presses was long and tedious. It was then that the partners discovered that they had not only acquired a considerable equipment and built up an organization, but that they had established an enviable credit.

They were not compelled to borrow anything save a small portion of the money needed. The paper, ink and supply houses "carried" them until they got over the hill.

In October, 1865, the business having outgrown the quarters on Court Street, was removed to 153 West Fourth Street, and three years afterwards to the third floor of a building on the northwest corner of Fourth

[1]He remained a Republican in national politics all of his life (save that he voted for Horace Greeley), and for many years never scratched his ticket in local elections. After he passed his middle life, though, he became much less partisan. He has, however, voted for every Republican candidate for President down to the present day, including Harding.

and Sycamore. Here it continued to thrive. Not only did the chromo business grow lustily, but just about that time the cigar box industry became a most important one in Cincinnati, and the demand for cigar box labels and edging increased enormously. These the firm of Donaldson & Elms specialized in, and their production was very profitable. It was the chromo end of the business, though, that was destined to be its chief feature and the plant was rapidly developing into one adapted exclusively for that kind of work.

Early in 1865 the senior partner felt warranted in purchasing a better home and bought a frame cottage on the east side of Saratoga Street, three doors above what is now Fourth Street. That was long before the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, then the Cincinnati and Louisville Short Line, pre-empted the street, and it was known as a "nice neighborhood."

In 1866 the rapidly growing business again demanded larger quarters. These were found at 150 West Fourth Street. The Block Printing Co. occupied a floor in the same building, and so great had the call for cigar box edgings become, that a large share of their press capacity was used (on styles that could be printed on letter press) in an endeavor to meet it. Here started the second of the fine and enduring friendships of William Mills Donaldson's life. It was with Herman M. Moose, a lawyer, afterwards of the firm of Yaple, Moose & McCabe. (Why are not friendships recognized as important genealogical matter?)

In the Fall of 1866 he joined Noah's Dove Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Newport, and throughout all his after life remained a consistent, enthusiastic Odd Fellow.

In 1868 his continued prosperity permitted him to acquire a still better home—a brick cottage on the east side of Columbia Street, in Newport, just above Fifth. In 1868[1] he bought his first power press.

By this time the firm was recognized as one of the important chromo publishing houses of America. There appeared to be no end to the demand for these prints. A chromo craze seemed to grip the country and the gay and ofttimes gaudy, crude and poorly executed prints, literally covered the walls of the homes of rich and poor in town and country alike; while hotels, restaurants, saloons, barber shops and billiard halls vied with one another to see which could hang the most.

And though some—nay, most of them—were atrociously bad art, the vogue was far from being a bad thing for the country. It undoubtedly paved the way and gave rise to a desire for, and an appreciation of, better things. The steel engraving, mezzotint, artotype and colored photograph, unquestionably found readier appreciation and quicker acceptance when they were introduced by reason of the service performed by the lowly chromo.

By this time the senior partner's cousin, William A. Paterson,[2] who entered his employ as a lad, and his

[1]The first power presses (they were in those days called "steam presses") were of English make, slow, crude and, compared with their modern American prototypes, undeveloped, revolutionized lithography in the United States. They were largely instrumental in putting the firm of Donaldson & Elms to the front as a publishing house.

[2]W. A. Paterson was the only son of Ann Donaldson Paterson, reference to whom as "Aunt Ann" is made frequently in these pages. He continued with the firm until the division occurred and the Donaldson Lithographing Company was incorporated, and then with the firm of William M. Donaldson & Co., until the latter went out of business. He then purchased a laundry in Newport, Ky., and made a very great success of it, being accorded one of Newport's most substantial and well-to-do citizens as these lines are being set down.

cousin by marriage, C. S. Walkley, had become valuable and trusted employees of the firm of Donaldson & Elms. At 150 West Fourth Street a retail experiment was tried out. It proved a profitable venture, but made too many demands upon the time and attention of both the partners and was soon disposed of. Here also the mounting of chromos and picture framing was essayed. These departments justified themselves and were continued for many years.

In 1871 C. F. McHenry, a young man fresh from business college, who came from an old and well-to-do family in Newport, entered the employ of William M. Donaldson as bookkeeper. The occasion was an auspicious one, as it was destined to mark the beginning of another of the latter's few but rarely beautiful friendships. Through all the ensuing ups and downs of the several businesses, Mr. McHenry proved an efficient aid, a loyal helper and faithful counselor. He early rose to the position of credit man and auditor, and for years handled all the insurance and the financial end of the business.

In August, 1872, Henry Elms died. It was a great blow to his partner. In the twelve years that they had been together (nine of which as partners in business,) they had grown strongly attached to and dependent upon each other. The surviving partner's grief was great and, compelled as he was to take over nearly all the duties and services formerly performed by Elms and carry all the responsibility, he was taxed to the utmost limit of endurance. He was further harassed by many difficulties which he encountered in securing a settlement with Mrs. Elms, who was not only badly advised

by her friends and associates, but had fallen into the hands of an attorney with a perfect genius for suspicion, distrust and exaction.

In November of the same year, his woes were added to by the loss of his wife, who succumbed to puerpural fever following the birth of Jennie Belle Donaldson (now Mrs. George W. Brown), her fourth child.

He was greatly cast down. Nervousness seized him and insomnia further incapacitated him. Nothing but sheer grit and determination carried him through these trying and troublous months.

One of his favorite anecdotes related to this ordeal. "Among other things," he would say in relating it, "we, (the firm) had been commissioned to get up for Pulte Medical College as fine a diploma as could be made. The design was beautiful and we had one of the very best lithographic artists of the day engaged on the engraving. The faculty of the college were deeply interested in the work, and hardly a day passed but several would drop in to ascertain how the work was progressing. I took a great liking to one of them, and on a certain day when I was feeling worse than usual I said to him, 'Doctor, I cannot sleep. I am highly nervous. I have no appetite and I am rapidly falling behind in my work. Can't you prescribe something that will enable me to obtain some sleep? I feel sure that if I could get only a few good nights rest it would make a wonderful difference in me.' He took my hand and, pressing it kindly, answered: 'I could; nothing would be easier. But I won't. And don't you let anyone else do so. There is your cure,' pointing to my desk, where neglected correspondence was piled high.

'Get to work. Drive yourself to it. Stick at it. Do not wait for the right mood. Put off nothing for lack of inclination. Take up one thing at a time, concentrate on it and finish it before passing on to another. Work, work, work! That is what you need and all you need.'

"Distasteful as the prospect was, I adopted his suggestion and, sure enough, in a very short time was sleeping as soundly as ever. I tired myself out mentally as well as physically daily, and fell asleep almost as soon as my head sank upon the pillow. For many years I felt as if I could never be sufficiently thankful to that physician. He taught me that work is indeed a blessing; that it is not only a cure for sleeplessness, but a panacea—and the only one—for great grief, sorrow, trouble and anxiety."[1]

Early in 1873 he got a settlement with his deceased partner's widow and soon thereafter the clouds began to lift.

His sister-in-law had been taking care of the infant child, Jennie Belle, since his wife's death and the arrangement was not to his liking, so he resolved to change it. His Aunt Ann Paterson volunteered to come and take charge of his house, the baby was brought back, and he began to feel as if he once more had something akin to a home. This, perhaps, whetted his appetite for the real thing, for soon he courted and wedded Miss Margaret Maxwell Millar.

[1]He was a temperate man always, but never a teetotaler. In the early days of his career, the "drink to bind the bargain" was almost a business institution. Later, he recognized that a drink was a short cut to an acquaintance, an understanding and a deal, and he used it as such. But he never drank hard—never, in fact, even at reunions, banquets, campfires or fraternal order dinners took too much, or if he did, it was only a drink or two.

Margaret Maxwell Millar was born in Glasgow, Scotland, November 17, 1844. Her parents were John Millar and Margaret King Maxwell. She had one sister and one brother—Anna Robb Millar, born April 5, 1846, and Alexander Millar, born November 5, 1848—both born in Glasgow.

Her father, John Millar, born in Glasgow in the year 1821, was the eldest of a large family—John, James, Alexander, Andrew and Anne. Of these, only John and James came to America.

Her grandfather, John Millar, born about the year 1800, married Anne Walker. Robert Walker, brother of Anne Walker, was a Chartist and compelled to leave Scotland. He settled in New York City, where he engaged in shoe manufacturing, and succeeded in building up a large business.

Her mother, Margaret King Maxwell, born in Glasgow in the year 1821, was the daughter of Alexander Maxwell and Margaret King. There were five children of this marriage—Margaret, Elizabeth, Lawrence, and twin boys Gabriel and Alexander. Alexander Maxwell, her maternal grandfather, was a man of great musical talent, and occupied the position of choirmaster in the largest Presbyterian church of Glasgow of that day. An outbreak of typhoid fever caused the death of the twins when they were seventeen years of age, and later the epidemic carried off the parents. Meanwhile Margaret grew up and married John Millar in the year 1843, and Elizabeth and Lawrence went to live with her at the death of their mother and father. Then came the birth of Margaret Maxwell Millar, Anna Robb Millar and Alexander Millar.

In 1849 a fierce epidemic of cholera raged in Glasgow, and on Christmas Eve the young mother of Margaret Maxwell Millar (then five years of age), was stricken and died in three hours, leaving her three little children and husband to the care of her devoted sister, Elizabeth Maxwell. John Millar at this time was a successful tradesman in Glasgow, but the loss of his young wife caused him to lose heart, so he sold out his shop, and with his three small children—Margaret, five; Anna, two and one-half, Alexander, one year old—their aunt Elizabeth Maxwell and Uncle Lawrence Maxwell, sought new interests in America.

In the spring of 1850 they embarked on the sailing vessel "Augusta," and were wrecked off the banks of Newfoundland for fifteen days before aid reached them, causing the entire voyage to last in all six weeks. The supply of water proved inadequate after the wreck and terrible suffering ensued, but fortunately for the Maxwell-Millar party, an old seaman's wife had warned Elizabeth Maxwell to be prepared for such an emergency, and she had secreted a demijohn of water in her luggage, and this she doled out sparingly to the children, probably saving their lives.

On reaching New York, they were welcomed into the family of Robert Walker, Chartist kinsman of John Millar, and later came to Cincinnati. In this city Elizabeth Maxwell later married Andrew Liddle, her sweetheart from Glasgow, who followed her, and Lawrence Maxwell married Alison Crawford, also of Glasgow, July 4, 1851.

Margaret Millar's sister, Anna Robb Millar, married Frank Carrel, a steamboat pilot, son of a famous

steamboat builder and owner on the Ohio River, Captain Hercules Carrel. They lived in Newport and, later, Miamiville, Ohio. The following children were born to them: Maude Rogers Carrel, Robert Dennig Carrel, Frances Jordan Carrel, and Hercules Carrel.

Margaret Millar's brother Alexander never married.

All the Scottish forbears of the Maxwell and Millar families are buried in the churchyard of Toll Cross, Glasgow, Scotland.

Copy of old letter to John Millar, father of Margaret Maxwell Millar, from his brother Alexander Millar, in possession of Elizabeth Donaldson Longley.

Glasgow, Scotland, Sept. 30, 1851

Dear Brother John:

I was happy to hear from James that you and your children are all well. I hope this will find you all continuing well. This leaves Aunt Bella and myself in good health. John, I hope you will write us soon and let us know how you are getting on. John, I am almost like to think you are beginning to forget us. John, you know that it is sometimes true, "out of sight is out of mind." I hope this will not be the case with any of us, although we cannot see each other face to face. Nevertheless, I hope we will remember each other and feel interested in each other's welfare. John, I hope you got the Herald newspaper that I sent you in August. I will send you another newspaper when I write again. No more at present, but remain Your affectionate brother,

ALEXANDER MILLAR.

William Mills Donaldson and Margaret Millar were married July 7, 1873, in Newport. He was still living in the cottage on the east side of Columbia Street, heretofore referred to. At this time his business was very prosperous. He was worth $40,000, and he

thought of building himself a larger and more comfortable home.

In looking about for a site he chanced upon Dayton, Kentucky, and in the Fall of 1873 purchased five lots on the north side of Fifth Street, between Boone and Kenton Streets. On this plot he erected a very good (for those days) frame house of nine rooms, with a good barn and stable. Also, he indulged in a horse and buggy, and treated himself to a garden, which he planted and attempted to care for himself. He never shone as a gardener, however.

In 1874 his first child by his second marriage, Elizabeth Maxwell Donaldson, was born August 25.

He was now prospering greatly in business and to such an extent that, though he suffered a very disastrous fire,[1] which compelled him to move from 150 West Fourth Street to Nos. 2-4-6 and 8 Home Street (with offices on the second floor of 186 West Fourth Street), he was not unduly set back, and that despite the fact that he was only partially insured.

In this same year he joined the Masons (Henry Barnes Lodge, Dayton, Kentucky) and purchased a much larger and finer home. He found the latter in the so-called "Berry Place,"[2] a splendid old colonial

[1]This fire was a very disastrous one. A very famous fire chief of those days, Chief Megrue, and three firemen lost their lives in fighting it. Several more were badly injured.

[2]He made many improvements to the property after it came into his possession, among which was the "Tarvia" sidewalk with which he surrounded it. This sidewalk was laid in 1879 and is probably the first utilization of this kind of paving in Kentucky. And the Tarvia (the composition) was his own idea.

In ——, after many efforts, he finally succeeded in disposing of the old colonial mansion and its imposing grounds that long served him as a residence and moved to a more modest home at the southeast corner of Terrace and Fairfield Avenues, in Dayton. It should be noted that he always preferred,

mansion, situated on a plot of ground that occupied a whole city square, bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Boone and Main Streets. The grounds were terraced and very beautiful. A wealth of rare plants and shrubs and a great array of fine old trees lent them charm and dignity.

In this year his son Archibald Mills Donaldson was born (August 25), and in September, William Mills Donaldson was elected a director of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company of Cincinnati. He became President of the latter in 1877, and in this year he headed the movement to provide Dayton, Kentucky, with a town hall.[1]

Following the fire above referred to, he seemed to have made one of his very few business mistakes. He decided to go into picture framing and framed pictures on a large scale. Although by this time he had a force of traveling salesmen on the road constantly, he continued to "see" the large trade himself. This took him to Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia several

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and strongly believed, in the simple life—especially in the home. He wanted a roomy and comfortable house, but not a complicated or complex home, with many servants and other concessions to style and appearances.

[1]Recognizing the fact that the City of Dayton needed a town hall, and aware that the financial condition of the town was such that a city hall could not be undertaken for years to come, he headed a movement for the improvement. Interesting several other prominent citizens and obtaining some support from two fraternal orders, he formed a company that erected the three-story building still standing at Sixth and Clay Streets. It was a bold and ambitious undertaking at that time, ten or fifteen years ahead of its time, and failed as an investment from the start. As he had advocated and promoted it, several of the investors did not scruple to importune him to take their stock off their hands, and in time, he found himself almost the sole owner, and, consequently, he became practically the sole loser in the end. But, although he took a sharp loss in this venture, he never regretted it. It helped the town materially. Guiding Star Lodge, K. of P., is the owner of the edifice at present (November, 1920). Several years after it was erected this hall was equipped with the then new illuminant, acetylene gas. Frank Spaeth, a prominent resident of Dayton in those days, told the writer that it was the first building in the state of Kentucky so equipped.

times a year. On these trips he observed that those firms engaged in this line of endeavor seemed very prosperous, and as the equipment necessary appeared to be small, simple and inexpensive, and Cincinnati looked to be a likely point from which to conduct a business of that nature, he organized the firm of William M. Donaldson & Co., and embarked in the new vocation.

In the beginning the Donaldson Lithographing Company, which continued to prosper, carried the new firm, and the combination looked like it might prove a good one. The proprietor of the joint firms by this time was worth all of $125,000, and enjoyed an excellent credit. He was also happy in his home life, healthy, vigorous and a glutton for work.

But the new business soon necessitated the manufacture of picture moulding; then it seemed advisable to add dealing in mirrors, then plush photograph frames, photograph albums, brackets and bric-a-brac, curtain poles and curtain cornices, and a long line of accessories and fittings that went with them, and which the firm did not attempt to manufacture, but simply "dealt in" of "jobbed," in the vernacular.

Instead of a simple business it soon became a highly complex one; one, indeed, that would tax the vigilance and application of several men. Its exacting demands on the time and attention of the man at its head left him little time to devote to the Donaldson Lithographing Co., and as he was also just at this time giving liberally of his time and energies to civic affairs in Dayton,[1]

[1]Speaking of this phase of his career, the following clipping from The Campbell Citizen (June 12, 1909) is illuminating: "Mr. Donaldson was elected President of the Council in the City of Dayton in 1876. At that

Kentucky, the always profitable lithographic end of his interests began to suffer. It was left largely to the direction of its then secretary and treasurer, C. S. Walkley, who, though a most conscientious officer, was essentially a shop manager and in no sense an "idea man." Consequently, when the demand for chromos began to wane he was unable to find anything to substitute therefor. Another fire—a very serious one—followed very shortly by a third, in which the losses, owing to insufficient insurance, were severe, hurt greatly. The crowning disaster, however, came in the great floods of 1883[1] and 1884, which swept the Ohio and the Mississippi valleys.

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time the indebtedness of the city was not known, as no books of record had been kept by the previous council and city clerk. Large sums of money had been lost to the city through the methods of former officers of the city, and the city's credit was miserably bad. The town was floated with city orders. The school teachers had no regular pay day and some of them had five and even eight months' salary due, while there was nearly $20,000 of past due coupons on the bonds of the city unpaid. The first thing Mr. Donaldson did was to negotiate a large loan from Taylor's Bank, of Newport, to provide funds, which were badly needed, and afterward to so regulate the finances of the city that its credit was improved and a new issue of bonds at a much lower rate was floated. The exact indebtedness of the city was ascertained and a period of improvement started, which continued until the credit of the City of Dayton was of the best."

Later on in the same article the writer says: "Mr. Donaldson was one of the first commissioners elected for the Jamestown Magisterial District to succeed Walter Overton. At the time of his acceptance of this office, large sums of the coupons of the district were unpaid and thousands of dollars of taxes had not been collected. An issue of the ten per cent bonds became due during the second year of his term of office. He contrived to float new bonds at par at six per cent, and the old bonds and coupons were paid off, and a system of taxation and the creation of a sinking fund was started, so that at the end of ten years the entire debt of the district was paid off. The Magisterial District, which contained Bellevue, Dayton, and a part of Campbell County near these cities, was thus relieved of its heavy taxation."

[1]An old newspaper clipping dealing with this incident says: "In the disastrous flood of 1883, Mr. Donaldson was chosen Chairman of the Relief Committee of Dayton. By his efforts thousands of dollars were sent in from people in distant cities from whom his firm purchased goods, to be used for the relief of flood sufferers. He threw open his house, which was high above the flooded district, and took in forty-five people, the porch being filled with furniture and household goods belonging to the flood sufferers. It was necessary to adopt regular hours for retiring and set the table three times for each meal, while one of the large upper rooms was used for one of the flood sufferers who was very ill."

The great bulk of the trade of William M. Donaldson & Co. lay in the territory that was devastated. Hundreds of their customers were ruined and could not pay. Other hundreds were badly crippled and had to have long extensions or be given partial-pay settlements.

It was a fearful loss for a business house to sustain. Few concerns could have survived it and, as a matter of fact, few that were as hard hit attempted to.

William M. Donaldson determined to exhaust every resource in an effort to bring his concerns (by that time four, he having purchased the International Wood Carving Co. and added to his activities the conduct of the American Chromo Co.[1]), and bravely set about the rehabilitation of his interests. He was ably seconded in his efforts by C. F. McHenry, a cool and competent adviser and a tireless worker. Together they worked harder than ever. Reluctantly, but firmly, the head of the house abandoned his public services in Dayton.

When his credit contracted he unhesitatingly disposed of securities and real estate, and dumped the proceeds back into the business.

After about a year of this, he made the discovery that the firm of William M. Donaldson & Co.,[2] or rather that the business it was engaged in, was not by any means

[1]The story of this venture would make a volume in itself. As the demand for chromos began to lessen competition became keen and price cutting prevailed. The American Chromo Co., organizad by William M. Donaldson, was a sort of holding company, of which all chromo publishers were stockholders, as it was intended to stabilize prices. It met expectations for awhile, but with the complete passing of the chromo its usefulness ended and it was wound up.

[2]The Donaldson Lithographing Company was incorporated in 1885 (for $40,000), and moved to a building at the southeast corner of Sycamore and Canal. This tended to isolate and deprive it all the more of its president's attention and interest. It began to languish. In the same building, however, by a happy chance, The Enquirer Show Printing Company, under the management of a young and enterprising man, James Winterburn, was

what he had hoped it would become, and that his chances of ever realizing his expectations were slim indeed. The reason was that, while the margins of profit were seemingly not only adequate but handsome, the expense of buying, handling, selling and distributing were enormous, and by the very nature of the merchandise dealt in could not be otherwise. The business could not earn more than a fair return on the investment, even under the most favorable circumstances. Loaded down, as it was by this time, with heavy interest charges for large sums of borrowed money, it simply had no chance at all.

Nevertheless, as in duty bound,[1] its directing head struggled on, though often plunged into deepest gloom and despondency he invariably rallied and came up with a fresh and renewed determination. But the battle was a losing one. Each month found him deeper and ever deeper in debt. Each month, too, found his credit more and more impaired until, finally, things got to such a pass that just the banking and the financing of the large daily grist of maturing notes, calls and other obligations, was a task of such trying and difficult proportions that it left him exhausted and unfitted for the

flourishing. It was not equipped to do lithographic show bills and this led to an arrangement whereby this class of work was turned over to the Donaldson plant when orders where received by the Enquirer concern. The experience gained on this work was of immense importance later in the renaissance of the former.

[1]He was ever strongly imbued with a sense of duty. He believed churchgoing was a duty and observed it meticulously. He joined the First Presbyterian Church of Dayton, Kentucky, in 1874, and the forty-six years that have since elapsed those Sundays have been few indeed that have not seen him in his pew. He has always served the church faithfully and ably, but of these services he never spoke himself nor heard others do so save with marked disfavor. His duty to his family was ever with him and he kept his life well insured from his earliest years. He visited the sick, condoled with the bereaved, was ever ready to aid the orphaned, and his charities during his life were many, bountiful and wise.

consideration of, or attention to, the more important phases and features of business.

As soon as this fact dawned on him he realized at last that his struggle was not only an uneven but a hopeless one, and when the inevitable attachments began to be levied he surrendered and made an assignment.

It was a very sore blow to his sturdy, honest Scotch pride and one that he really felt keenly. But the relief was very great, and a few weeks of normal daytime routine, coupled with nights wholly given over to sound, refreshing sleep, soon found him reinvigorated and once more eager for the fray. Unfortunately, he had grown so detached from the lithographic business, by reason of his absorption in the other, that he gave it scant consideration when it came to choosing a means for a come-back, and elected to put in vogue certain changes and policies in the business of William M. Donaldson & Co.[1] instead. Also, in his eagerness to get started, he assumed too much in the settlement with his creditors; in fact, was persuaded into accepting one that was little better than an extension, and a wholly inadequate one at that.

The business proved as poor a money maker as ever and, with his credit now entirely gone and no resources to draw on, the attempt collapsed in signal failure, but in a mercifully short time.

It looked then as if he was down and out for good. While neither his bank nor any of his friends and relatives suffered by reason of his failure, and he might have gathered together a small capital for another start, his

[1]The firm of William M. Donaldson & Co. grew to be a very large business. In the early eighties it occupied a five-story building with basement at 113 Main Street, Cincinnati, and boasted a branch (not an office) in New York.

self-confidence had received a severe blow. He had begun to doubt his business ability and for months, had anyone voluntarily come forward with the capital and offered to back him, it is doubtful if he would have accepted it.

He had a large family, mostly small children,[1] and felt the responsibility keenly. In 1884 (November 3) his son, Lincoln Donaldson, was born, and on January 7, 1886, another son, Andrew, arrived—six children in all, the eldest of which was twelve years of age. In his extremity he had about decided to abandon all notion of operating the Donaldson Lithographing Co., and take a position with the Henderson-Achert Lithographing Co.

His own plant had been a drain on him for so long and was so run down that he regarded it as more of a liability than an asset. Just about this time, as it happened, the Henderson-Achert plant was burned out, and thinking that they might take his over as instantly available and the nucleus of their new one, he did offer it to them for the merest pittance, but the proffer was declined.

And so it was, after he had wound up the affairs of William M. Donaldson & Co., he was perforce com-

[1]In 1897 William M. Donaldson was nominated on the Republican ticket for State Senator. The Democratic nominee, his opponent, was James Shanks. Although the former made a good race the latter was elected.

In 1898 he was induced to run for Congress on the Republican ticket. His opponent was Joseph Rhinock. Again he made a good race, but the Sixth Congressional District was strongly Democratic and a Republican had no chance.

He had small genius for politics. Though not unmindful of the honors of office, he simply could not straddle, dissemble, trade, bargain, truckle or toady. Trickery was utterly foreign to his nature. Always he had pronounced opinions and convictions and was never chary about expressing them. Moreover, though he spoke fluently and well, he was never an orator. He could be, and often was, very convincing in the chair or on the platform, but his appeal was always to the minds of his hearers—very rarely to their feelings.

pelled to take hold at the Donaldson Lithographing Company. This he did, but in the beginning in a perfunctory and rather listless way. His eldest son, W. H. Donaldson, who had succeeded C. S. Walkley as secretary and treasurer of the concern, though without any practical knowledge of, or experience in lithography, had become firmly convinced of the possibilities of the lithographic poster. He had also demonstrated this in a small and tentative way, simultaneously proving that the plant could be adapted to the new line of endeavor with few and comparatively inexpensive changes. Incidentally, he had exhibited some small but encouraging aptitude for salesmanship.

William M. Donaldson was never slow to see opportunity, nor was he in this instance. Once convinced that the chance was there, he jumped in and applied himself assiduously and enthusiastically. The very first year showed a fair profit, the second a good one, the third an excellent one, and the earnings in the fourth and every succeeding year thereafter were big and ever bigger. The money made was practically all kept in the business and used to improve and enlarge the equipment and facilities.[1]

In 1898 he purchased the Dueber Watch Case factory in Newport. Some of his friends thought this was a

[1]In 1894, a London, England, branch of the Donaldson Lithographing Co. was instituted. William M. Donaldson, in person, went abroad to start it. Isaac DeFreece was first placed in charge of it. He was succeeded by J. J. Bennell and he in turn by John Lewis. On the occasion of his return from this trip to Europe his employees demonstrated in honor of his return. The Cincinnati Times-Star, speaking of the incident, said: "Employees of the Donaldson Lithographing Company to the number of two hundred met the incoming F. F. V. on the C. & O. R. R. yesterday, in Newport, to celebrate the return of William M. Donaldson, the President of that concern, who returned from England, where he established a branch office of the company. They received him with a brass band, fireworks and tendered a warm and hearty, if noisy, welcome. Then they escorted him in carriages all the way to his home in Dayton, where they repeated the demonstration."

mistake, as he had been doing well conducting business in Cincinnati and that his success might change, but on the contrary he made more money from that time on than he had ever hoped or dreamed of making. As his family grew up and his younger sons became of age he took them into the business one after another, had them gain a knowledge of practical lithography, and they have proven themselves competent and superior.

In 1901 his life was greatly saddened by the death of his son, Frank Carrel Donaldson, a very lovable, bright and promising young man, just approaching his twenty-third year. In his twentieth year his lungs, owing to a heavy cold, became affected. He was sent south and seemed to recover, but shortly after he returned home he was seized with an attack of hasty consumption and died on a train, accompanied by his father, mother, Dr. George Brown, and sister Elizabeth, enroute to Colorado, July 11, where he was being rushed in the hope of saving his life.

In the Fall of 1901 he purchased a home in the Highlands, back of Newport, and removed thither in 1902, after twenty-seven years residence in Dayton.

In 1903, the business had outgrown the Dueber Building and a large plot of ground directly south of it was purchased, on which a large addition was erected. This gave room for installing a department for the printing of posters from type and wood blocks.

In 1903 William M. Donaldson became interested in the Frank Tuchfarber Lithographing Co., of Cincinnati. Mr. Tuchfarber had been an employee of the Donaldson Lithographing Co. as a boy. Later he had started in business for himself and built up a most excellent one,

William Mills Donaldson at the Age of Fifty

but it had fallen upon evil days. He was in the hands of a receiver, and had been for four years, when he approached his former employer and, after informing him that he was unable to extricate himself, sought his assistance.

Tuchfarber was about $100,000 in debt and engaged principally in making an article, the demand for which was rapidly lessening from year to year—advertising signs for brewers and distillers, very beautifully lithographed in colors, variously, on iron, wood and glass.

Mr. Donaldson hesitated and demurred for a long while, but in the end yielded to Tuchfarber's importunities, with the understanding that he was to have a say in the conduct of the business, and that when a disagreement on policy arose his (Donaldson's) views were to prevail. With this understanding he took hold and put $30,000 into the venture. The firm thus rejuvenated started off with a boom. The first year showed a handsome profit, but the second year the earnings again dropped off and the third year brought a loss.

In the meantime, the newcomer in the business had been quietly studying it. He now came forward with certain suggestions, embodying changes that Tuchfarber regarded as too radical and revolutionary, and despite his agreement, refused to adopt.

Rather than have a disagreement and break, his benefactor withdrew his demands and let Tuchfarber run the business. Things went from bad to worse. Debts piled up and finally another receivership was invoked. The receiver, too, was unable to operate at a profit, and in time was compelled to sell the business. In order to protect his interest in it Mr. Donaldson had to purchase the concern.

The story of how he then completely reorganized, rehoused and virtually remade it, though simultaneously at the head of another large concern, and active in a half-dozen minor undertakings, would make another book in itself. Suffice it to say that the Donaldson Art Sign Co., of Covington, Kentucky, at this writing a large, thriving and highly profitable enterprise, is the outcome.

In the year 1905 he sold the Donaldson Lithographing Co. to the Consolidated Lithographing Co., a holding company, organized by New York capitalists to control the show printing business, and got in payment part cash, part bonds, part preferred stock and part common stock. He was afterwards, at times, inclined to view this as a mistake, but it may not have been so.

In 1914 he became greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of the Consolidated Lithographing Co. and sold all of his interests therein, but accepted a position as president of the Donaldson Lithographing Co. Surrounded by his sons, also officers of the company, his position thereafter was a very pleasant one.

In 1907 his wife was stricken with rheumatism, and although he did everything he possibly could for her, taking her to numerous cures, health resorts, and consulting many specialists, she grew steadily worse, and during the last two years of her life was a great sufferer. She died on the tenth of June, 1917.

After disposing[1] of his interests in the Donaldson Lithographing Company in 1905, although he had never been very fortunate in real estate, prompted partly by

[1]The writer never once heard him speak of retiring. A life of leisure, rest or ease never seemed to appeal to him, and he never worked with any such goal in view. Consequently, merely amassing wealth was not his real incen-

altruistic impulses and partly by the constant urge within him to be doing, he went in for building on quite a large scale. Fort Thomas, Kentucky, was the field he chose for his activities and it will long bear the impress of his enterprise and industry. Linden and Southgate Avenues, and the dwellings that line them, are due solely to his vision and initiative. He by no means confined his operations to those localities. He would purchase a lot almost anywhere in the town or district round about for any one, especially young people who wanted a home, and build the house on it. And he would do it for a very modest margin of profit and in consideration of a very small initial cash parment or deposit.

This line of endeavor seemed fraught with an unduly large proportion of vexations, annoyances and petty exasperations, but he nevertheless derived a great deal of quiet gratification and enjoyment from it. All of his life he had firmly believed that every man should own his own home; and helping any one to do so was ever in his estimation both a duty and a privilege. He helped many.

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tive—not the hope that fired his zeal, kept him ever at it and always geared high.

While he well knew the value of a dollar, owing to his impecunious youth and the precarious income of his early married life, and was always far from despising money, to him it was always more of a means to an end than the end itself—more of a tool or an implement and, too, a sort of measure of success or a gauge with which he tested his progress from time to time.

He loved business. He joyed in its doing. He was above all things a doer, and business proved the happiest outlet for his abundant and never-failing energies, but he never looked upon it as a game. He took the larger view that it was part and parcel of the necessary and active work of the world which it was every man's duty to engage in and to further, each according to his powers and ability. He has amassed a fortune—he, himself, would term it a competency—but that fact has been largely a more or less gratifying incident. His solid satisfaction derives from the knowledge that he has been a builder and that he has builded tirelessly, usefully, largely and well.

As these closing words are penciled, it must be pointed out that the time has by no means arrived to write "finis" to his career. Although in his eighty-first year, he enjoys excellent health, is in full possession of all of his faculties, and is still active in business. He has kept his mind young and his interest in his several enterprises, in his children and their children, in politics, in the labor question, in his church, and in the news of the day, and it is as lively as it ever was.

Throughout his long and useful life he has indulged in few idiosyncrasies.[1] He has no hobbies. He would have enjoyed one thoroughly, and at several different stages of his life seemed to feel the need of and to seek one. He tried gardening, then bee culture, amateur theatricals, collecting oil paintings, hunting and foreign travel, but he soon wearied of each in turn. Even his fishing failed to divert him, for while he benefited from the outdoor life, the exercise, fresh air and sunshine, and consequently enjoyed *them*, he made work of fishing. He was an insatiable, savagely-persistent, doggedly-determined and a tireless fisherman, invariably successful in the matter of catch, if there were consumers in camp to provide for and insure that the fish would not be wasted, for he greatly disliked to kill fish wantonly. But he never made an art of the sport, never got out his tackle and lovingly fussed with it; between excursions never practised casting, never tested or experimented with barbless hooks or odd flies, nor cared to whip new lakes or streams. As a matter of fact he liked fishing principally because it afforded absolute rest of mind

[1]In his boyhood everyone (all) wore high leather-topped boots. In the seventies, the frontier having by that time moved well west of the Mississippi River, foot gear of this nature passed out. He clung to boots, however, and never wore a laced or a buttoned shoe.

and body. When he went after fish he liked to go where they were and to get them, and he invariably did.

He played cards much as he fished, preferring games like euchre and seven-up, that required no concentration, but which he could indulge in without exercising or tiring the mind.

Appraisals and estimates of his life work, too, are out of order at this time, no matter how emphatically and distinctly finality may be disclaimed in their summing up. They are too much like epitaphs, and the writing of William Mills Donaldson's epitaph, it is devoutly hoped, will not be occasioned for many, many years to come.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM MILLS DONALDSON

WILLIAM MILLS DONALDSON was the father of eleven children, four by his first wife, Jane Porter, and seven by his second wife, Margaret Millar. They were as follows:

Robert Donaldson, born Newport, Ky., September 13, 1863.

William Henry Donaldson, born Newport, Kentucky, April 19, 1864.

A girl, still-born, Newport, Kentucky, June 10, 1865.

Jennie Belle Donaldson, born Newport, Kentucky, November 9, 1872.

Elizabeth Maxwell Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, August 25, 1874.

Archibald Mills Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, August 25, 1876.

Frank Carrel Donaldson, born October 11, 1878; died July 11, 1901, on a train enroute to Colorado.

John Fleming Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, October 4, 1880; died in infancy.

James Garfield Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, February 4, 1882; died in infancy.

Lincoln Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, November 3, 1884.

Andrew Donaldson, born Dayton, Kentucky, January 7, 1886.

William Mills Donaldson as he is today

WILLIAM HENRY DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Newport, Kentucky, Dayton, Kentucky, and Cincinnati, Ohio, entering Woodward High School in the city last named in 1877, and St. Xavier's College in 1878. He did not graduate. Went to work in his father's employ in 1879, was taken into partnership with him in the firm of William M. Donaldson & Co. in 1885, and in 1889 presented by him with an interest in the Donaldson Lithographing Co., and made secretary and treasurer of the corporation; continued in that capacity until 1903, when the increasing demands on his attention of "The Billboard," a theatrical weekly trade paper he had started in conjunction with James H. Hennegan (later buying out the latter's interest), prompted him to resign and devote all of his time to publishing. Married June 24, 1885, in Dayton, Kentucky (Rev. J. N. Ervin officiating), Jennie Hasson, daughter of William Hasson by his second wife, Hannah Jane Waldron, also previously married. The issue of the marriage was four children, namely: William Hasson Donaldson, born Dayton, Ky., May 19, 1886; died June 12, 1887; Marjorie Donaldson, born Dayton, Ky., May 20, 1888; Clare Donaldson, born February 12, 1890; died July 20, 1890; Jean Donaldson, born-died December 17, 1893.

Marjorie Donaldson married Roger Seiter Littleford, son of John S. and Margaret Seiter Littleford, in Fort Thomas, Ky., September 17, 1910. Their issue is: Roger Seiter Littleford, Jr., born July 19, 1911; Jane Littleford, born May 29, 1913; William Donaldson Littleford, born August 4, 1914. All born in Fort Thomas, Ky.

W. H. Donaldson and wife, though maintaining a legal residence at 421 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, at this writing make their home in New York.

JENNIE BELLE DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ky., Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and at the Ursuline Convent in Brown County, Ohio. She married Dr. George William Brown, born in Newport, Ky., November 19, 1869, son of Paris C. and Margaret Cummins Brown, in Dayton, Ky., November 12, 1895. They had one son, William Donaldson Brown, born November 10, 1899, who, though only a lad of seventeen when the world war broke out, insisted upon enlisting. He saw duty overseas with the A. E. F., was severely wounded in the Meuse-Argonne battle of September 28, 1917, and was eventually invalided home. Doctor and Mrs. Brown make their home at 608 Washington Avenue, Newport, Ky.

ELIZABETH MAXWELL DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ky., Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and at the Ursuline Convent, Brown County, Ohio. Married July 14, 1919, Charles Longley, born January 25, 1873, son of Hiram Wilder and Rosetta Lynah.

ARCHIBALD MILLS DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ky., and Technical School of Cincinnati. Entered his father's employ with the Donaldson Lithographing Co., at 111 East Eighth Street, Cincinnati, in 1891. He served an apprenticeship in every department of the business,

thereby obtaining an intimate knowledge of it. In 1903 he was made secretary and treasurer of the company. In 1916 he was given charge of the Donaldson Art Sign Company, and handled it so successfully that he was soon promoted to the position of secretary and general manager, a position he still fills. He has twin sons, Frank and William Donaldson, born November 24, 1903, in Newport, Ky.

LINCOLN DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio. He entered his father's employ (The Donaldson Lithographing Co.) in 1901 and, like his brother Archibald, became practical in every department, acquiring a grasp of the business not even surpassed by that of his father. He was promoted to the superintendency of the works in 1915.

He married, in Fort Thomas, Ky., August 23, 1911, Bessie May Furneaux, born February 9, 1888, daughter of H. C. and Augusta Seiter Furneaux. Their children are: Elizabeth Seiter Donaldson, born at Fort Thomas, Ky., February 27, 1913; John Lincoln Donaldson, born at Fort Thomas, Ky., June 29, 1915, and Margaret Millar Donaldson, born at Fort Thomas, Ky., July 10, 1918. Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Donaldson, Shaw Lane, Fort Thomas, Ky.

ANDREW DONALDSON

was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio. Graduate of Woodward High School, Cincinnati, graduate of Winona Technical Institute, Indianapolis, Ind., making a two-year course in one.

Entered the employ of the Donaldson Lithographing Co. in 1905, soon evinced marked ability as a solicitor and salesman, and inside of a few years became sales manager of the concern.

In Newport, Ky., May 19, 1909, he married Sadie Heath Sanford, born Sept. 16, 1887, daughter of Kenton Sanford and Sarah Heath Sanford. Their children are: Andrew Donaldson, Jr., born at Fort Thomas, Ky., February 16, 1912, and Kenton Sanford Donaldson, born at Fort Thomas, Ky., August 27, 1919. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Donaldson reside in Fort Thomas, on Chalfonte Avenue.

HIS FATHER
WILLIAM DONALDSON

WILLIAM Donaldson was born at Blantyre Village, Scotland, in 1810. He was the second son of Andrew and Margaret Fleming Donaldson, and was named after his Uncle William. He received a fair—what one in America would call a good common school—education in Blantyre. At fourteen years of age or thereabouts, he went to work as a "bobbin boy" in a cotton mill, the same in which his father was employed as foreman. One of his boyhood playmates was David Livingston,[1] afterwards world famous by reason of his African explorations. The Livingstons and Donaldsons were next-door neighbors.

He came to America with his mother, sisters and brothers in 1826. The family landed at New York and proceeded to Paterson, N. J., where the father had taken the superintendency of a cotton mill.

He and his brother Andrew were apprenticed to Rogers & Clark, as machinists, shortly after the family got settled in Paterson, and served as such until early in 1830, when the entire family, with the exception of Andrew, removed to Newport, Kentucky.

William promptly got a position as journeyman machinist in Cincinnati. He was an expert machinist in every sense of the word. He was also of a saving disposition and ambitious, so in 1836, when news of the

[1]Andrew Donaldson also met Mungo Park, another African explorer of note, and grew to know him quite well.

great opportunities in a new boom town—Dayton, Ohio—reached his ears, he took stock of his savings and considered the idea of going there and starting in business for himself.

Fearing, however, that his capital was not adequate, he proposed to his brother Andrew, who, by this time, had also left Paterson, and after a short season with Arbuckle in Pittsburgh, pressed on to Cincinnati, that they go into partnership in the venture.

Andrew was agreeable and went to Dayton at once, purchased a lot and supervised the erection of a frame building to house the machinery which William gathered together in Cincinnati and followed with shortly after.

Before leaving Cincinnati, late in 1836, William married Ann Mills, a Scotch lassie, whom he first met at the old Scotch Presbyterian Church on Sixth Street, of which they both were communicants.

Miss Mills had come to America in company with her mother, two sisters and a brother, some few years previously, and hailed from the County of Kinross, where her father up to the time of his death had worked a farm on or near the Perthshire line.

The brothers Donaldson prospered exceedingly in Dayton. By the end of their second year, at which time a son was born to William, which he named Andrew after his father, and who died in infancy, they had added teaming to their business and had all the work that they could handle in both departments.

At the end of another year they had not only increased the equipment in the machine shop and added to their number of teams, but William had acquired thirty-two building lots.

Shortly after this time, however, Dayton's first boom burst, business was paralyzed, and as a tempting offer to manage a cotton mill in Tennessee came to Andrew about this time, the brothers closed out their affairs.

Andrew went to Tennessee and William and his wife removed to Newport, Kentucky. William had intended to resume work at his trade, but instead accepted a contract with Lyon & Bell, of Cincinnati, manufacturers of sugar mill machinery, to travel as a millwright and erect consignments throughout the south.

Shortly after he reached his territory the entire sugar country was swept by a fearful epidemic of yellow fever, to which he succumbed.

It was not definitely known until five years later, when a friend wrote from New Orleans, that he had died in a hospital in that city and was buried there in a French cemetery.

William Mills Donaldson was born March 14, 1840, and was one and one-half years old when his mother, who had given up her husband for dead, as a means of gaining a livelihood for herself and child, determined to join with an elder sister in the conduct of a boarding house the latter had established (David Gibson, later one of Cincinnati's very wealthy citizens, was one of their guests), which they did with modest success for two years.

Cincinnati was visited in 1849, and again in 1850, by an epidemic of the dread cholera. Anne Donaldson had assumed charge of a delicate child and had taken her and a nurse-maid to Esculapia Springs, in Lewis County, Ky., to recuperate, where a cottage had been secured for them. The child improved but the cholera

was brought to this resort by a gentleman of evident wealth from New Orleans and who died on the night of his arrival without being able to disclose his identity.

As children were singularly immune from the ravages of the scourge and the end of the school term was but a few weeks off, she had consented to leave her son at school, with the express understanding that he was to follow when vacation season opened.

This he did toward the end of June. Early in July the cholera broke out at Esculapia and Ann Donaldson was one of the first victims it claimed. She was stricken about five o'clock in the morning and died about half-past one that same day. Panic arrived coincidentally with the visitation, most every one who could get away fled and great confusion ensued. There were three physicians at the resort and these, utterly unable to cope with the situation, speedily departed, and so when Ann Donaldson passed away the only persons present were her ten-year-old son and a colored woman acting as nurse.

In less than a week after the cholera broke out the resort was almost depopulated. There had been six hundred guests there, most of whom were attracted by the fact that in 1849 no cases of cholera had developed, and it was thought that the white sulphur water was a preventative.

All but a few dozen either perished or had sought safety in flight. Most of those left behind were children and negroes, but three or four white adults put selfish considerations behind them and remained, and of these the leading spirit was the one person most reprobated by the "uncoguid" or so-called better classes, who had

departed so precipitously and incontinently. This was a gambler and saloon keeper, who operated the casino or clubhouse, a much criticised but generally recognized adjunct of the summer resort hotels of that day. The casino was usually a building apart from the hotel, which housed the bar and gaming rooms and apparatus. It was also usually let as a "privilege" by the hotel to the highest bidder each season. This was the case at Exculapia Springs, and it was in the person of the man—and he proved a man—who had contracted for the privilege of operating it for the season of 1850, that the hero of the calamity emerged. In times of stress or dire emergency it is ever thus. At the first outburst of wild, unreasoning, frenzied alarm, he closed the clubhouse, and calm, competent and efficient, assumed charge of the situation, aiding the sick, comforting the bereaved and burying the dead. It was this man who, after Ann Donaldson's remains, enshrouded in a plain white sheet, had been placed in the rude, hastily made box that sufficed for a coffin, accompanying her small son, followed her remains to the burying ground that had been hastily laid out and saw them interred—the only white grown person who rendered this last tribute of kindness and respect. His name has been lost and all efforts to ascertain it have been in vain.

Her young son survived the horrors of the awful siege, and thirty years later, after careful inquiries, located his mother's grave as nearly as could be and erected over it a tombstone. It is the only grave out of fifty that is marked. The little grave-yard has been bought and enclosed, and a tablet erected by William M. Donaldson.

HIS MOTHER

ANN MILLS' ANTECEDENTS AND KIN

ANN MILLS was the youngest child of a family of four. The eldest was Isabella, who first married David Scobie. He was drowned in the Ohio River six years after his marriage, and his widow later married Laughlin McDermid, a Scotch farmer living in Indiana, near Harrison. She became the mother of five children —Jennie, Susan and Dave Scobie and Nellie and Maggie McDermid.

Margaret Mills married John Boyle, a fine mechanic. He was the first man to use a diving bell on the western waters. He successfully repaired and raised a sunken steamboat at the foot of Broadway, Cincinnati, in 1855. He died in 1857.

John Mills, the only son, married a Miss Mason, daughter of Robert Mason and Isabelle Lamb of New Sauchie, in Clackmanan, the smallest county in Scotland. A curious coincidence is the fact that the Mills family hailed from Kinross, which next to Clackmanan is the smallest county in the Lowlands.

John Mills settled in Henry County, Indiana, then a wilderness, on a farm of 240 acres, which he undertook to clear himself. He had a fine physique and a stout heart, but, despite both, his progress was slow.

He struggled along until the gold fever broke out in 1849, when he joined the Argonauts. His experience in the California gold fields was that of many another

poor fellow, for he sacrificed his health and failed to find fortune.

Undaunted, however, he proceeded to Oregon and engaged in the lumber business. In less than two years he amassed $5,000 and promptly returned to his home in Indiana.

Most of his farm was still virgin forest, abounding in hard woods of many varieties, especially black walnut and wild cherry, both most valuable then, as now.

He erected a sawmill and was soon doing splendidly, but a saw log, falling off the runway one day, caught him, broke both of his legs below the knees and crippled him for life. This put an end to his business and farming career, but being an active man and well educated, he took up school teaching and raised his family nicely.

He left four children, viz.: William Wallace[1] and Robert, both residents of Maple Plain, Minnesota, and Margaret and Isabelle, residents of Indiana.

William W. Mills married Margaret Elizabeth Batdorf, in St. Paul, May 8, 1857. To this union were born nine children, two of whom died in infancy. Of the surviving issue, Walter Bruce Mills, was born in New Castle, Indiana, August 30, 1858. He married Mary Varner, who bore him five children. At last accounts he was living in Jenkins, Minnesota. Anna Florence Mills was born in Maple Plain. She married Herbert L. Bowen, of Rockford, Minnesota, and bore him four

[1]Excerpt from a letter from William Wallace Mills, written August 24, 1910: "My mother's father, Robert Lamb, was of New Suachie, Clackmanshire County, the Lowlands of Scotland, and grandmother's name was Isabelle Lamb, of the same place. . . . My mother was also from New Sauchie; my father was born in Kenrose, some twenty miles north of New Sauchie. Grandmother was a distant relative of Daniel Boone.

children. Bowen died and she married C. K. Shaw, at North Bend, Oregon, where she was residing when last heard from. Edward Powers Mills was born at Maple Plain, March 12, 1865. He married Miss Elva Oinera of Rockford, Minnesota, who bore him two children. He now resides in Missoula, Montana. Mary Catherine Mills was born in Maple Plain, March 18, 1873, and died unmarried in Tennessee at the age of twenty-two. William Mills was born in Maple Plain, February 17, 1875. He married Della Lewis, also of Maple Plain. To them were born five children. They are still living at Maple Plain. Della Mills was born March 1, 1878, in Maple Plain. She married Charles Floyd Ragland, of Huntington, Tennessee, December 31, 1899. To this union two children were born, a son and a daughter, the latter dying at the age of three. The son, John, died in May, 1921, at the age of 21. A fine boy and a great loss to his parents.

William Mills served throughout the Civil War and in after life became a great Sunday-school worker and Bible scholar. He attained the ripe old age of eighty-four and died May 1, 1921.

Robert Mills, his brother, served as postmaster at Maple Plains for many years, and died in 1918.

Andrew Donaldson and His Wife, Catherine Fleming Donaldson

HIS GRANDFATHER
ANDREW DONALDSON VI

ANDREW Donaldson, referred to in the chart and genealogical tables herein as "Andrew Donaldson VI," was the eldest son of James Donaldson, weaver, in Fintry, and Janet Cunningham (Donaldson), his second wife, and was born in Fintry, October 24, 1774, and baptized October 30, 1774, the witnesses being William Bawk and David Moir.

His father was a weaver—a weaver just at the time when the power loom and the factory system were coming into vogue and the hand weavers were waging their unequal and losing fight against modern methods. This means that in his boyhood he knew the pinch of poverty.

Poor as his parents were and hard put to make both ends meet, they (or rather his mother) contrived to keep him at school until he was fourteen years of age.

Then he was compelled to go to work in order to help maintain the home. There were five children besides himself, and his father's health, probably owing to discouragement and hard work, was beginning to fail. His first employment was as a "bobbin boy" in a big (for that day) cotton mill at Blantyre. The work was not very hard, but the hours were long. Yet, in his scant leisure he contrived to do considerable reading, in which he was aided and advised by a Presbyterian minister and constantly encouraged by his mother.

In time he was apprenticed as a spinner, served his apprenticeship and became a journeyman. About this time his father died (1791) and the burden of the support of his mother and the family fell upon him. The youngest child, William, was but six years old and the next youngest, John but ten years old; Andrew manfully stuck to his position as the breadwinner until they were self-supporting.

In 1808, his mother died and he, having wooed and long since won Catherine Fleming, "the most beautiful lass in Blantyre and as good as she was beautiful," now married her. He was thirty-four years old and she but twenty. They were married June 19, as the register of the Parish of Blantyre attests.

In 1809 a son—the Uncle Andrew frequently quoted in these pages—was born. In the same register mentioned above, under the head of baptisms, the following entry is found: "Andrew, lawful son of Andrew Donaldson, spinner, of Blantyre Mills, and Catherine Fleming, his spouse, was born April 11, baptized the 16th April, 1809, by Rev. Dr. Hutchinson in Hamilton."

In 1810 the following entry in the same register, under the same head, proclaims the birth of the father of William Mills Donaldson, viz: "October 10th, Andrew Donaldson and Catherine Fleming had a son born, baptized on the 18th of the same month by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, called William."

Andrew Donaldson VI^{A_1} and his wife at this time were living in a row near the mill, and the next door neighbors were Neal Livingstone and wife, parents of Doctor David Livingstone, afterward missionary and great African explorer. The row was still standing in 1906,

and the apartments occupied by the Livingstones were marked by a memorial tablet. The Livingstones then spelled their name Livingston, and the young David Livingstone was a playmate of Alexander, brother of William mentioned below, but both Andrew and William remembered the wee laddie well.

He does not seem to have sought promotion at the mill up to this time. All of his leisure was spent with his books. He was an omniverous reader, and continued to be throughout all of his long life.

It would seem that either his wife or the demand of an increasing family spurred Andrew's ambition, as in 1812 another child, Alexander, was born, for just about this time Andrew VI was promoted to the position of foreman of the spinners.

In the position as foreman of the spinning room he manifested considerable executive ability, but his aptitude for machinery was even greater. This fact and two or three suggestions in the matter of mill re-arrangements, or it may have been methods, which he made and carried to a successful conclusion, led to his being chosen as manager of a machine shop which the cotton mill company was installing for repair work. He made a pronounced success of the machine shop and worked out several minor improvements on the machinery of those days, which attracted attention of a firm of manufacturers of cotton mill machinery in Glasgow.

They sought his services and might have secured them, but just as he began negotiations he was drafted into the artillery service, in which he served two years. Not much has been preserved of his life in the navy. He was on a vessel in the same fleet as H. M. S. Belero-

phon when Napoleon boarded her after the Battle of Waterloo and surrendered, but this is about all that is known.

Returning to Blantyre, he resumed his position with the cotton mill. In 1816 his daughter Ann was born. He was recognized as a millwright by this time, and the works at Blantyre being a growing concern he was kept busy installing and re-arranging new machinery.

He was also better paid, had a better home and was beginning to acquire a library, or at least a goodly number of books of his own.

In 1819 his daughter Elizabeth was born. Three of his children were at school by this time, but despite his versatility and the value of his services, his wages, though better, were none too good and he was hard put to make both ends meet.

The decline of the kelp industry in the Highlands threw a large and increasing number of people out of employment, and these sought the large cities and mill towns for a livelihood.

The manufacture of kelp from sea-weed was first introduced into the West Highlands in 1735. It was not until about 1750 that the manufacture of the article assumed proportions of any magnitude. About 1800 prices reached high water mark, at twenty-two pounds ($120.00) per ton. The price dropped steadily, however, until in 1822 it was down to less than five pounds.

The Highlands, too, had been ravaged by cattle disease and crop failure twice, and the Highlanders, confronted by famine and reduced to desperation, came down from the hills by thousands.

Those that could scrape the necessary passage money together emigrated to America, while those who were compelled to stay behind sought work at any price in a labor market already glutted.

In his extremity, Andrew perceived that if he wished to get on, he would have to get out of a mill town like Blantyre, so he reopened negotiations with the machinery manufacturers in Glasgow and secured a position with them.

In this capacity he made journeys to different parts of Scotland, England, Ireland, and in at least one instance to Belgium, to supervise the arrangement, installation and erection of mill machinery, which his employers sold all over the world.

In 1822 his son John was born, and in 1823 his financial burdens were slightly relieved by a legacy, in which he participated jointly with his only surviving sister, Janet, wife of Charles Goff. The following excerpt from Volume 18 of the Register of Glasgow Testaments, relates the source and amount thereof:

"1823, June 5th, Testament Dative of John Donaldson, late soldier in his Majesties 65th regiment of foot, and the deceased William Donaldson, late seaman in His Majesty's service, who died, the said John in H. M. service on 27th December, 1820, and the said William having been killed in action on the 4th May, 1807, given up for confirmation by Andrew Donaldson residing in Glasgow, brother german and Janet Donaldson, wife of Charles Goff, residing in Edinburgh, sister german of the said defunct and Executors Dative decrued to them. There was due them 50 pounds each, being legacies bequeathed to them as the two youngest children of

Janet Cunningham, wife of James Donaldson, at Fintry, under a disposition and deed of settlement executed by Alexander Donaldson, late merchant in Glasgow, in favour of Robert Carrick, Esq., banker in Glasgow, James Fife, Esq., merchant there, Robert Houston Roe, Esq., of Little Govan, Charles Stirling, Esq., merchant in Glasgow, John Brown, Esq., merchant, late bailie and Master of Work for the City of Glasgow, and Claud Marshall, writer, as Trustees, dated 18th May, 1795, and recorded in the Commissary Court Books of Glasgow on 28th April, 1808."

"Confirmed as above, James Boyle, writer, in Glasgow, cautioner. (Vol. 81)."

In 1824, when an offer to accompany a large consignment of machinery to America was made to him by the firm he was with, he accepted it with alacrity. The emolument was excellent and by this time he had become quite a rover, and the trip across seas had no terrors for him.

The shipment was for Rogers & Clark, of Paterson, N. J. He sailed from Glasgow with it in June, was three months crossing, arriving in New York in late September, and managed to get his big consignment safely housed in Paterson (the mill to receive it had burned down) before bad weather set in.

Rogers & Clark consulted him about the plans for the rebuilding of their mill and were so impressed with his ideas and grasp of the business that they then and there made him an offer of the general management.

He had conceived an immediate liking for America, accepted the offer without hesitation and wrote to his

employers, resigning his position, and to his wife to sell everything and join him.

The mails were slow these days, and it was all of six months before he received a letter from his wife, announcing the birth of another child, Katherine, and demurring to his proposals. He had, however, followed his first letter with others more fully explaining the advantages that he would enjoy and depicting the improvements in his prospects by the many opportunities presented by the new world.

But his wife was loath to leave home and kindred, and it was not until late in 1826, and after much urging that she, her children, and her mother finally set sail from Glasgow, and well into 1827 before they landed in New York.

The family prospered in Paterson. Andrew's salary was an excellent one, the schools were good, meats and foodstuffs of all sorts were cheap and plentiful, the climate was better, there was more sunshine and less fog and rain, they enjoyed more leisure and greater liberty in thought and action.

All became enthusiastic adherents of the new land of their adoption; all, that is, save the great-grandmother. She, throughout all her life never ceased to long for the heather of Scotland. In Newport, many years later, when she had grown old and quite childish, she seized every opportunity to elude the watchful eyes of her children and start off to find her way back to Scotland. When she reached the edge of town, however, she would not venture further, but would accost the children she encountered with the proposition: "I'll gi'e ye a penny gin ye show me the road to Scotland." This she would say wistfully to everyone she met.

But to revert to Paterson, all went well for a year and a half. Then Andrew Donaldson VI received the offer of a much larger salary to assume charge of a cotton mill in Newport, Campbell County, Kentucky. Again he pulled up stakes and went west to look into the matter. He traveled by way of Pittsburgh, walking most of the distance, thence working his way down the Ohio River on a flat boat. It was even at that late day a perilous journey, for hostile Indians infested large stretches of country on both sides of the river, and it was entirely too dangerous to land and tie up for the night except at settlements.

In due course of time he reached his destination. Newport, in the Fall of 1829, was a village of scarcely eight hundred inhabitants. It extended along the river front from Saratoga Street to Columbia and back to what is now known as Fourth Street, then termed Bellevue, comprising in all about nine blocks, and not all of those closely built up.

Upon his arrival Andrew Donaldson found the cotton mill was a very unpromising proposition. The building, which had been erected at the corner of a street called East Row and the river front, was small and the machinery poorly selected for the purpose. The owners, Messrs. Harris, Tibatts and McClure, had had no experience in cotton goods manufacture, but inflamed by the advent and rapid increase of steamboat navigation on the Ohio and Mississippi, and imbued with a desire to be first in the field, had rushed ahead without any knowledge of the real requirements of the business.

When he perceived the inevitable failure of the enterprise, and found the owners either unable or unwilling

to make the necessary changes, Andrew decided not to identify himself with the concern.

Brief as had been his stay in the village he had conceived a great liking for it. There were many Scotch folks living there at the time whose society was congenial. Cincinnati was growing rapidly, Covington had a good start and the three young towns made quite a community, whose prospects seemed bright.

The river froze up early that year and he found himself unable to return, so he accepted a position as a machinist in Cincinnati, and by the following Spring had become an enthusiastic believer in the prospects of his new place of residence.

Instead of returning to Paterson, he wrote his wife to pack up and join him in Newport, and again that good and long suffering woman demurred, rebelled in fact. She held out until the Fall of 1831, when she finally yielded and followed him.

Several years later, when he had successfully carried out a contract with the government to build a fort on the Red River, in Louisiana, and received as part payment an immense tract of land adjacent thereto, though over sixty years of age he conceived the idea of clearing, improving and occupying it, and again wrote her to come on to him. She flatly refused and this time proved adamant.

He returned to Newport,[A2] but the hardships and privations he had undergone on the frontier had so undermined his strength and constitution that he could make but little headway at his trade. He lost his land and what little savings his wife had accumulated were dissipated, but his children bought a home for him and

his wife and maintained them in comfort till the end of their days. This home was a brick house on the east side of York Street, between what are now Sixth and Seventh Streets, in Newport, Kentucky. It is still standing at this writing (October 25, 1920), but a structure has been erected in front of it and it is hidden from view.

Andrew Donaldson died June 11, 1867, of cancer of the mouth. He had been an inveterate smoker and this was supposed to have been the penalty, but as he was ninety-three years old at the time of his death, nature may be said to have been slow in taking reprisals.

He was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, in grave 9, lot 51, section 6, on August 9, at 3 p. m.

Catherine Fleming, his wife, died June 8, 1861, and is buried by his side, in grave 10, the same lot and section.

Of the brothers and sisters of Andrew Donaldson VI, all that is known can be summed up in a very few lines. William, the sailor, was killed in action on May 14, 1807; John, the soldier, died in His Majesty's service, December 27, 1820; Alexander, no trace; Janet married Charles Goff, and was living in Edinburgh when last mention of her is made in our data. Margaret, no trace.

Note [A1]—Andrew Donaldson took his sons, William and Andrew, to Edinburgh to witness the demonstration in honor of George IV., who was the first monarch to visit Scotland after the union, in August, 1822. Anent this visit of George IV the Encyclopaedia Brittanica says: "His reception in Dublin encouraged him to attempt a visit to Edinburgh in the following year (August, 1822). Since Charles II had come to play the

sorry part of a covenanting King in 1650, no sovereign of the country had set foot on Scottish soil. Sir Walter Scott took the leading part in organizing his reception. The enthusiasm with which he was received equaled, if it did not surpass, the enthusiasm with which he had been received in Dublin. While in Edinburgh, Alexander and William Donaldson met the uncle (John Donaldson) who was wounded at Bunker Hill.

Note[A2]—William Mills Donaldson related an anecdote of the later years of Andrew Donaldson VI that is well worth preserving, viz.: "When war was declared against Mexico, in 1846, an artillery company was formed in Newport, and it was presented with two cannons and stationed in the Mill Bottoms at the eastern end of Sandy Lane (now East Sixth Street) for practice. Without experience, without instructors, and without printed directions of any kind, their progress in marksmanship was slow and sorry to a degree. They had been vainly banging away at a target ten feet square, at some fifteen hundred feet distance, for days. Their practice always attracted a crowd of spectators, and among these one Sunday afternoon was Andrew Donaldson, accompanied by his young grandson. After watching their futile efforts for a time, the old gentleman (he was then about seventy-two years of age) shouted an impatient suggestion. He was rather curtly told to hold his peace by the officer in command of the crestfallen battalion, and perhaps would have been ordered away but for a Mr. Hewitt, a man of some prominence in Newport, who whispered to the captain that the venerable Scotchman was an old artilleryman. He was promptly invited to try his hand and, nothing daunted, accepted the invitation, loaded

the gun himself, sighted it and fired, completely demolishing the target with his first shot.

A great cheer from both soldiers and onlookers rewarded him and, old as he was, he was invited to join the company and go to Mexico with it. He compromised by teaching the volunteers all he knew.

Andrew Robert Donaldson VIII

ANDREW DONALDSON VIII

ANDREW ROBERT DONALDSON, born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1832, was the eldest son of Andrew Donaldson and Helen Rhind Donaldson. His parents left Paterson in his infancy and went to live in Dayton, Ohio, where several of his brothers and sisters were born. From there they went to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he attended school until he was eleven years of age. At that youthful age he was sent to St. Louis and entered the employ of Mr. A. Giers, a shoe merchant, and later on he was employed by Mr. Cyrus G. Helfenstein, and in due time became his partner in the gentlemen's furnishing business. After Mr. Helfenstein's death he carried on the business himself. Retiring from that he went into the stock and bond business with his brother, John N. Donaldson, where he remained until his death. He never married and was the mainstay of his family all his life, a devoted son and brother, and a true Christian. He died in 1911, having lived an honorable and helpful life and having the love and respect of every one who knew him.—By Helen R. Bissell (daughter of Kate Donaldson Rathburn).

In Memory

of

John Donaldson McCarthy

only child of

Alby Easton Donaldson

and

John J. McCarthy

BORN

in St. Louis, Mo., December 20, 1896

DIED

at Cheppy, France, September 28, 1918

Killed in the Battle of the Argonne

Aged 22 years

DESCENDANTS OF
ANDREW DONALDSON VI

HIS GRANDFATHER

1—ANDREW DONALDSON
Born, Fintry, Scotland, October 24, 1774.
Died, June 11, 1867, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Married, June 19, 1808, Catherine Fleming.

DESCENDANTS OF ALEXANDER DONALDSON VII

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

1—Andrew Donaldson,
Born, Blantyre, Scotland, April 11, 1809.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., August, 1891.
Married, at Hackensach, N. J., April 2, 1831, Ellen Rhind,
Born, Banff, Scotland, 1808.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., March 2, 1882.

1—Andrew Robert Donaldson,
Born, Paterson, N. J., 1832.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., 1911.

2—John Donaldson,
Born, Paterson, N. J., October 26, 1834.
Died, November 26, 1834.

3—Elizabeth Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ohio, 1834.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., 1915.
Married, 1872, J. P. Whitton.

4—Jane Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ohio, 1836.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., 1913.
Married, 1865, George Dansman.

5—Catherine Fleming Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ohio, 1838.
Died, California, 1919.
Married, 1870, Edwin Rathbun.

1—Andrew R. Rathbun,
Born, Petaluna, Cal., 1871.
Married, 1902, Ethel Johnson.

1—Andrew Donaldson Rathbun,
Born 1903.

2—Helen Rathbun,
Born, Petaluna, Cal., 1872.
Married, 1914, Edgar J. Bissell.

1—Edgar John Bissell,
Born 1916.

3—Herbert H. Rathbun,
Born, Petaluna, Cal., 1874.
Married Alice Couch.

1—Hazel Rathbun.

2—Helen Rathbun.

3—Edwin Rathbun.

4—Louis Rathbun,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1876.
Married Eva Burt.

5—Donaldson Rathbun,
Born, Williams, Cal., 1878.
Married Helen Donley.

1—Elizabeth Rathbun..

2—Gail Rathbun.

6—Grace Rathbun,
Born, Williams, Cal., 1881.
Married, 1920, N. A. Kratzer.

6—John William Donaldson.
Born, Dayton, Ohio, May 10, 1840.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., May 29, 1920.
Married Mary Alby Watson, Boonville, Mo.
Born November 20, 1848.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., December 4, 1904.

1—Alby Easton Donaldson,
Born, November 9, 1868, St. Louis, Mo.
Married, 1895, John V. McCarthy.
Born 1863.
Died 1904.

1—John Donaldson McCarthy,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., December 20, 1896.
Died, Cheppy, France, September 28, 1918. Killed in Argonne Battle.

7—William R. Donaldson,
Born, Murfreesborough, Tenn., 1843.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., 1916.
Married Elizabeth Allen.
Born 1843.
Died 1908.

1—Annie Donaldson,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1872.
Married, 1896, Marshall Hodgman.

1—Elizabeth Donaldson,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1897.

2—Eunice Donaldson,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1899.

2—William R. Donaldson.
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1875.
Died, St. Louis, Mo., 1914, killed in accident.

3—Elizabeth Donaldson,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1877.
Married, 1906, G. A. Randolph.

1—Allen Randolph,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1908.

2—Larned Randolph,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1911.

3—Virginia Randolph,
Born, St. Louis, Mo., 1915.

8—Alexander G. Donaldson,
Born, Murfreesborough, Tenn., 1846.
Disappeared 1911.

2—WILLIAM DONALDSON
Born, October 10, 1810.
Died, 1841.

2—William Mills Donaldson,
Born, Cincinnati, Ohio, March 14, 1840.
Married, May 9, 1860, Jane Porter (died November, 1872).
Married July 7, 1873, Margaret Maxwell Millar (died June 10, 1917).

1—Robert Donaldson,
Born, Newport, Ky., September 13, 1863.
Died, September 14, 1863.

2—William Henry Donaldson,
Born, Newport, Ky., April 19, 1864.
Married, June 24, 1885, Jessie Hasson.

1—William Hasson Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., May 19, 1886.
Died June 12, 1887.

2—Marjorie Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., May 20, 1888.
Married, September 17, 1910, Roger Seiter Littleford.

1—Roger Seiter Littleford, Jr.,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., July 19, 1911.

2—Jane Littleford,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., May 29, 1913.

3—William Donaldson Littleford,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., August 4, 1914.

W. H. Donaldson *Mrs. Roger S. Littleford*
Roger S. Littleford, Jr. *W. M. Donaldson*

Four Generations

3—Clare Donaldson,
Born February 12, 1890.
Died July 20, 1920.

4—Jean Donaldson,
Born December 17, 1893.
Died December 17, 1893.

3—Jennie Belle Donaldson,
Born, Newport, Ky., November 9, 1872.
Married, Dayton, Ky., November 12, 1895, George William Brown.

1—William Donaldson Brown,
Born, Newport, Ky., November 10, 1899.

4—Elizabeth Maxwell Donaldson.
Born, Dayton, Ky., August 25, 1874.
Married July 14, 1919, Charles Longley.

5—Archibald Mills Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., August 25, 1876.
Married, April 11, 1898.

1—Frank Donaldson, } Twins.
William Donaldson, }
Born, Newport, Ky., November 24, 1903.

6—Frank Carrel Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., October 11, 1878.
Died, July 11, 1901.

7—John Fleming Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., October 4, 1880.
Died 1881.

8—James Garfield Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., February 4, 1882.
Died 1883.

9—Lincoln Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., November 3, 1884.
Married, August 23, 1911, Bessie May Furneaux.

1—Elizabeth Seiter Donaldson,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., February 27, 1913.

2—John Lincoln Donaldson,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., June 29, 1915.

3—Margaret Millar Donaldson,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., July 10, 1918.

10—Andrew Donaldson,
Born, Dayton, Ky., January 7, 1887.
Married, May 19, 1909, Saide Heath Sanford.

1—Andrew Donaldson, Jr.,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., February 16, 1912.

2—Kenton Sanford Donaldson,
Born, Ft. Thomas, Ky., August 27, 1919.

3—ALEXANDER DONALDSON
Born, Blantyre, Scotland, December 2, 1812.
Died—Disappeared.
Married, 18—, Elizabeth Matley.

1—William Donaldson,
Born 1841.
Died 1912.
Married, December 26, 1865, Jessie Hastie (Died 1870).
Married, April 20, 1871, Hannah Tempest Schwab (Died January 7, 1920.

1—Jessie Donaldson,
Born, March 29, 1867.
Married 18—, Alfred Leroy Hodder.

2—Elizabeth Donaldson,
Born, March 24, 1873.
Married, June 6, 1893, John Venn.

1—Alice Venn,
Born June 28, 1894.

2—Jessie Venn,
Born January 25, 1898.

Andrew Donaldson X

3—Anna Dell Venn,
Born June 20, 1901.

4—John Andrew Venn,
Born March 22, 1908.

5—Ralph A. Venn,
Born April 2, 1916.

3—Ruth Donaldson,
Born July 7, 1881.
Married, June 14, 1905, Archibald C. Cole.

1—William Donaldson Cole,
Born April 29, 1906.

2—Natalie Ruth Cole,
Born April 3, 1914.

3—Robert Archibald Cole,
Born October 26, 1917.

2—Andrew Donaldson,
Married, 18—, Emma Gazley.

1—Jean Donaldson.

3—Arthur Donaldson.

4—John Donaldson,
Married, 18—, Fannie Washington.

5—Manley Donaldson,
Married, 18—, Jessie Christie.

1—Andrew Donaldson.

2—Donald Donaldson.

4—ANN DONALDSON PATERSON
Born, Blantyre, Scotland, 1815.
Died, Newport, Ky., May 11, 1900.
Married, 18—, William Alexander Paterson.

1—Alexander Paterson,

2—Katie Paterson,
Born 1847.
Died 1865.

3—Mary Nesbit Paterson,
Born, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1849.
Married, September 24, 1868, Charles Samuel Walkley.

1—Charles Thomas Walkley,
Born August 2, 1869.
Married 18—, Helen Valerie Shearer.

2—William Samuel Walkley,
Born November 24, 1871.
Married, 18—, Florence Spencer Morehouse, Springfield, Mass.

1—William Paterson Walkley,
Born, Chelsea, Mass., November 12, 1907.

4—William Alexander Paterson,
Born, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 13, 1851.
Married, June 12, 1873, Alice Clemmens, in Newport, Ky.

1—Harry Thomas Paterson,
Born, Newport Ky., September 7, 1874.
Married, December 11, 1909, Louise Burroughs McConchie.

1—Harry Thomas Paterson, Jr.,
Born, Newport, Ky., October 3, 1910.

2—William Alexander Paterson II,
Born, Newport, Ky., April 2, 1912.

3—Robert Clemmens Paterson,
Born, Newport, Ky., September 6, 1913.

2—Burt Paterson,
Born, Newport, Ky., November 18, 1882.
Married, October 17, 1908, Anna Hayward Lissenden.

3—Walter Paterson,
Born, Newport, Ky., July 3, 1887.
Died March 1, 1888.

4—Dorothy Paterson,
Born, Newport, Ky., June 30, 1895.
Married, April 4, 1918, George Frederick Roth.

1—Paterson Roth,
Born, Newport, Ky., April 1, 1921.

5—ELIZABETH DONALDSON
Born, June 15, 1819.

6—JOHN DONALDSON
Born 1822.

7—KATHERINE DONALDSON
Born 1825.

HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER
JAMES DONALDSON

JAMES DONALDSON II was the eldest son of Alexander Donaldson and Catherine McGregor (Donaldson). The date and place of his birth at this writing is lost but may yet be recovered. His father, who seems to have been well-to-do, was a weaver, but where located is also unknown. James Donaldson II had two younger brothers, Alexander and Andrew. As the eldest son, he inherited his father's looms and perhaps his farm, and with them, a life-long struggle with adversity. Factory cloth, made on power looms, was coming in just about the time his father died, but slowly and surely driving the hand-weaving craftsman out of business.

Some of the latter recognized the inevitable and turned to other vocations. Others decided to "fight it out." James Donaldson II was one of these "last ditch" spirits. From the beginning, of course, it was a losing battle, but his determination never wavered; he stuck grimly to the struggle until his death. His only reward was hard, grinding poverty for himself and family.

His fate contrasts curiously with that of his brother Alexander who, starting out without any heritage, enlisted in H. M. service, campaigned for five or six years and then, though handicapped by the profligate and irresponsible life he had led, the dissolute associates he had acquired and the bad habits he had formed, returned and amassed a considerable fortune in Glasgow.

It would seem like an instance of the very irony of fate, for James Donaldson, if the scanty store of the lore that has come down to us concerning him may be trusted, was ever sober, circumspect, and not only a church member but a real God-fearing husband and father, who practiced his religion in his home as well as professed it abroad. Family worship, grace at meals and evening prayers, were rigorously and unfailingly observed.

He seemed to have been somewhat hard and stern, and toward the end of his days silent and perhaps morose. This is about all that we know of him, save that he was well educated and twice married; to Jean Galbraith in 1759—by whom he had two sons, James, born in 1760, and Alexander in 1763—and Janet Cunningham in Walton, in 1773. His second wife bore him Andrew Donaldson VI in 1774, Margaret in 1776, Janet in 1778, Alexander in 1781, John in 1784, and William in 1788. He died when his son Andrew VI was "about" seventeen years of age. This would make the year of his death 1791. His grandson, Andrew VII, "thought" he was sixty years old at his death, which would make the year of his birth 1731. These dates, while they may be accepted as approximately correct, are nevertheless sheer guess work. His second wife survived him, but for how long is also unknown.

As a commentary upon his life-long but unequal struggle against the product of the power-loom, the following extract from the Testaments Records of Glasgow is illuminating:

"1808, April 28th. Trust Disposition and Settlement by Alexander Donaldson, merchant in Glasgow, in favour of

Robert Carrick, banker in Glasgow; James Fyfe, Esq., merchant there; Robert Harrison Roe, Esq., of Little Govan; Charles Stirling, Esq., merchant in Glasgow; John Brown, Esq., merchant, late bailie, and Master of Works to the city of Glasgow, and Claud Marshall, writer there, as Trustees of certain lands and tenements, including a tenement on the north side of Argyll Street and west side of Virginia Street, presently possessed by William Aird, saddler, and other subjects there, disposed to him by the foresaid William Aird and Robert Aird of Corseflat in Security for 300 pounds sterling, also a piece of ground consisting of 555 square yards, being part of the lands called Windmiln Craft in the barony of Gorbals and another similar piece of ground there, both disposed to him by Robert Muir, Esq.; as also his whole moveable goods and plenishing, debts, etc., a number of which contained in bonds are especially mentioned, and all which are granted to the said Trustees for the following purposes. (1) Payment of his funeral expenses, and interment in the parish church-yard of Fintry. (2) To pay as provisions to Alexander, George and Ann Donaldson, his natural children, procreated between him and Agnes McHowal, viz.: to Alexander 700 pounds sterling; to George 700 pounds sterling, and to Ann 700 pounds sterling and their lawful children; and failing any one of them by death the portion of such to be divided between the other two, but failing any of them by death their portions to go to Alexander and Andrew Donaldson, "my" nephews, lawful sons of the deceased James Donaldson, weaver in Fintry, "my" brother german, equally between them; also to pay to Alexander Donaldson, "my" nephew, son of the deceased James Donaldson, weaver in Fintry, "my" brother german, by his first wife, 100 pounds sterling; *to Andrew Donaldson, "my" nephew, son of the said deceased James Donaldson, "my" brother by his second wife,* 100 *pounds sterling*; to the minister and Kirk session of Fintry, for the poor of the parish, 55 pounds, 11 shillings, two-pence sterling. To James Donaldson, weaver in Balhannan, "my" nephew, son of the deceased Andrew Donaldson, weaver in Balhannan, "my" brother consanguineau, 100 pounds sterling—and a number of other persons—*"I hereby make a provision for Janet Cunningham, second wife*

and now widow of the deceased James Donaldson, weaver in Fintry, my brother german, of an annuity of 15 *pounds sterling" to enable her to bring up her two children until the youngest of them attain the age of twenty-one years, at which time the annuity is to cease and payment of* 50 *pounds sterling is to be made to each of the two children or the survivor of them.* He also directs an annuity of 20 pounds sterling to be paid to Jean Donaldson, his natural daughter by Flora Campbell, and after her death 400 pounds to her lawful children equally among them whom failing, to the aforesaid *Alexander and Andrew Donaldson, "my" nephews, first above-mentioned sons of the aforesaid deceased James Donaldson, weaver in Fintry, who are also appointed residuary legatees.*

This disposition is dated at Glasgow, 18th May, 1795. ("Commissary Court Books, Glasgow, Vol. 2, fol. 556.")

Alexander Donaldson, who made the foregoing "trust disposition and settlement," in early life was in H. M. service. So was his brother John, and it must be regretfully recorded that the latter fought against America in the Revolutionary War. He was severely wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill. He opened a public house in Edinburgh upon leaving the army. Then we lose trace of him or his descendants.

JAMES DONALDSON'S CHILDREN

By his first wife James Donaldson had two children, James, born in 1760, and Alexander, born in 1763. By his second wife he had Andrew Donaldson VI, born in 1774; Margaret, born in 1776; Janet, born in 1778; married Charles Goff in Edinburgh in 1823; Alexander, born 1781; John (soldier), born in 1784, died 1820; and William (seaman), born in 1788, died 1807.

HIS FORBEARS

THE line of William Mills Donaldson's forbears from Alexander Donaldson II, back to Andrew Donaldson I, ten in number, is but little more than a list of names —the list as it appeared in the Donaldson and Paterson Bibles. (See plate of Pedigree of William Mills Donaldson. The list began with John MacDonald.) We know painfully little about the line from Alexander Donaldson I to Alexander Donaldson II, and most of this little has been obtained by research conducted by Henry Paton, M. A., genealogist and expert searcher of records, Edinburgh.

Andrew Donaldson VII, uncle of William Mills Donaldson, knew but little more, or if he did the writer does not recall that he was much given to recounting it.

ALEXANDER DONALDSON II

Alexander Donaldson II, father of James Donaldson III, dealt with in the preceding chapter, we have ascertained, was a weaver and farmer in good circumstances, who seems to have lived for a while on the Island of Mull, but toward the end of his life in Fintry. We also know that he married Catherine McGregor and that she bore him, besides James Donaldson III, two other sons, namely, Alexander, who became a merchant in Glasgow, and John, who became a soldier and was wounded at Bunker Hill. Also among the heirlooms brought from Scotland by the family was a seal ring, said to have been presented to him by the members of

Snuff Box and Seal

a guild or association of some sort. A replica of the Arms of this seal will be found on one of the plates illustrating this volume.

ANDREW DONALDSON V

The father of Alexander Donaldson II was Andrew Donaldson V. Beyond the fact that he was born in 1673, that he had an elder sister Janet, born in 1670; a younger brother James, born in 1683, who married Janet Connell; a sister Agnes, born in 1686; a brother Alexander, born in 1687; and that his wife's name was Agnes, we know nothing. The snuff box pictured on one of the plates herein belonged to him.

ANDREW DONALDSON IV

The father of Andrew Donaldson V was Andrew Donaldson IV, a weaver in Wester Gartcarron, who married Agnes McLay (the records have it Agnes McClay), in Walkmiln in 1669. Beyond the fact that he was father to the children enumerated as sisters and brothers of Andrew Donaldson V, we know nothing positively, although research indicates that he probably had a brother James, also residing in Wester Gartcarron, who married Janet McLay, and another brother, David, living in Walkmiln, who married Janet McIlchrist. This is by no means certain. It is offered purely as conjecture, albeit legitimate conjecture, by a skilled and seasoned genealogist.

JAMES DONALDSON II

The father of Andrew Donaldson was James Donaldson II. What we know of him is scanty indeed, i. e., he lived in Walkmiln, had an elder brother John, who

was also his father's eldest son, and a younger brother Alexander, and that is all, absolutely all, save, of course, that his father was John Donaldson II.

JOHN DONALDSON II

Of John Donaldson II we know but little more. He was a walker (cloth fuller) in Fintry and a farmer. Of when or where he was born, or whom or where he married, there is not even a hint. The Glasgow Testaments yield the following, viz.:

"1617—September 2, Testament dative of John Donaldson, walker in Fintrie, in the parish thereof, who died in December, 1611, given up by John Donaldson, his eldest son, for himself and James and Alexander Donaldson, his brothers, all lawful sons of the defunct.

"His estate was valued at one hundred and thirteen pounds, six shillings and eight pence, being farm stock and plenishing, and there was due him eleven pounds.

"He was owing twenty-four pounds, thirteen shillings, and four pence, including rent to the Laird of Fintrie.

"Confirmed as above; Andrew Erving of Fintrie, cautioner."

JAMES DONALDSON I

Of James Donaldson I all that we know is that he was the father of John Donaldson, and even this fact is established by presumption, i. e., the order in which his name is set down in the family records. He was possibly a school teacher or a farmer-weaver or both.

ANDREW DONALDSON III

was the father of James Donaldson I. Again that is all we know, but the family tradition steps in here and

has it that he was a dominie (a pedagogue or school teacher), possibly at Castle Tirrim, possibly a farmer-weaver elsewhere.

ALEXANDER DONALDSON I

Was the father of Andrew Donaldson III presumably, and for the same reason set forth in the paragraph devoted to the latter. The family tradition also has it that he was a school teacher and mayhap private tutor and coach to young gentlemen. We may say in his case also, probably at Castle Tirrim.

Note—Andrew R. Donaldson (son of Andrew Donaldson VII) declared that as he had received or remembered the tradition, Alexander Donaldson I was a younger brother, that his elder brother continued as tutor at Castle Tirrim and was succeeded by his son, but that Alexander I, on growing up, became a farmer, who also taught school and later took up weaving, and that his son and grandson emulated his example.

ANDREW DONALDSON I

Andrew Donaldson I, the father of Andrew Donaldson II was, according to the family tradition, born in the Orkneys (or Shetland Islands), a son of John MacDonald and a Norsewoman. According to the same tradition he succeeded his father as tutor at Castle Tirrim. The tradition, I am reasonably certain, coupled the name of Ranald Bane with his.

JOHN MACDONALD

was the son of Donald of Harlaw, dubbed Donaldson by the Norseman in the Orkneys or Shetlands, and credited as the first of our line to bear the patronymic. All that we know of him is detailed in the family tradition, printed with the foreword in the first part of this volume, except the fact that he was credited with a knowledge of Latin, English and Norman-French besides his native Gaelic.

History, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is silent in regard to a third son of Donald of Harlaw. It credits him with two only, Alexander and Angus.

HIS ANCESTRY

(From Donald of Harlaw back to Somerled)

IF HISTORY is silent in regard to John MacDonald and his immediate descendants, it more than makes up for it with his father and his forbears. The facts it records, if gathered, would alone fill several large volumes, and quite a respectable literature dealing with the personages traced has come into being along with it and is still growing.

The writer regrets that he has not delved in it greatly, but for the edification and convenience of those who may wish it, a bibliography will be found in the closing pages.

For this reason, too, the careers of the Chieftains dealt with here will be only summarized. Any one sufficiently interested to want additional facts or details can so easily obtain them that the writer does not feel warranted in burdening a work like this with them. It would only be rewriting history at best and that is rarely warranted, save in the interest of brevity.

If the list of names in the family records started with that of Donald of Harlaw, our descent from the MacDonalds of the Isles would be established comparatively firmly. But it does not. It starts with the first to bear the name Donaldson, i. e., John MacDonald, *whom tradition has it was the son of Donald of Harlaw.* This is the weak spot. History only mentions two sons of Donald of Harlaw, Alexander III, who succeeded him as chief, and Angus, who became bishop of the Islands. The family tradition has to carry our claim over this gap alone and unaided, and while it suffers, so far as we are concerned, it will hardly be highly regarded as proof by professional genealogists.

DONALD OF HARLAW

DONALD of Harlaw, according to the family tradition, the father of John MacDonald heretofore dealt with, was not the eldest son of his father and, consequently, not the hereditary chief of the Clan MacDonald. The whys and wherefores of this will be dealt with in the story of his father, John of Isla. Suffice it to say that the tribesmen accepted him as their chief. They would have supported his elder brother, Reginald, the rightful heir, had he chosen to assert his rights, but he preferred to and did surrender them with every show of indifference, and Reginald's brother, Godfrey, also putting forth no claim, the clansmen had no other alternative but to confirm Donald's claim when he advanced it. Accordingly he was duly nominated and his nomination confirmed at Kildonan, in Eigg, in the presence of and with the sanction of the principal men of the Isles.

Donald became thereby not only the feudal superior of Reginald and Godfrey, but, also, by the consent of the men of the Isles, the chief of the Clan Donald; an instance of the practical operation of the unwritten Celtic law, which permitted the deposition of one chief, as well as the election of another who might not be the direct feudal heir.

What opposition there was to Donald's succession, it seems, owing to his wise, firm and yet generous rule, gradually melted away; and the vassals of the Isles were never so closely cemented together, nor the followers of

the MacDonald standard stronger, in their attachment to their chief. This fact is sufficient proof of Donald's administrative powers, no less than of his powers as a leader, in an age and at a time in the history of the country when the strongest often failed. He conciliated the step-brothers by the generous terms meted out to them in the division of the lands of the extensive territories of which he was the superior. He confirmed Reginald in the lands of Garmoran, the North Isles, and others, after the death of his father, John of Isla, and perhaps that of North Uist and contiguous islands and territory to Godfrey.

He also provided liberally for his own brothers out of the family inheritance. He, himself, besides the superiority of the whole MacDonald territory included in the lordship of the Isles, possessed directly the lands of Colonsay and others not included in the grants bestowed on the younger sons.

It should be understood that though these lands, thus parceled out between his two sets of brothers, were validly conveyed, Donald still retained the superiority (we suspect the word sovereignity could here be used) of the whole, and that the power of the island clan was not weakened or impaired by the division.

And now for the story, for which we are largely indebted to James Taylor's Pictorial History of Scotland.

In his boyhood, although related to the King of Scotland, Donald had been held as a hostage for the good faith and conduct of the Lord of the Isles, his father, and this gave rise to a grudge against the rulers of Scotland, which grew with his years.

Also, he was Celtic to the marrow. His traditions, the customs and usages he had been brought up under, and his very way of thinking, were those of an Islesman. The Court of Scotland was Saxon. This was another barrier to an understanding and a menace to peace.

In all probability he would have had a row with the Scottish state if he had had to manufacture the lamest sort of pretext. As it turned out, however, after gaining the necessary seasoning in minor warfare urged against the Norsemen and mainland clans, a most excellent grievance was fairly thrust upon him.

The ancient line of Ross terminated in Euphemia, who married Sir Walter Lesley. A son and daughter were the issue of this union—Alexander, who became Earl of Ross in right of his mother, and Margaret, who was wedded to Donald of the Isles. Alexander married Isabel, by whom he had an only daughter, also named Euphemia. This lady, after reaching maturity, decided not to marry, but to enter a convent. To this end she proposed (very likely was influenced thereto by Albany) to resign the earldom of Ross in favor of her maternal uncle, John, Earl of Buchan, the second son of the regent.

This proposal met with instant and violent opposition from Donald. He set up the contention that Euphemia, by her religious vows, was dead in law and could make no valid disposition of either her title or estate, both of which belonged lawfully to himself in right of his wife.

The contentions of Donald, as he doubtless expected, were summarily rejected by the regent; but Donald, confident in his strength, incited by the greatness of the stake, desirous of impressing the King of England, with whom he had long courted an alliance, with a favorable idea of his power and, finally and perhaps chiefly, because he was spoiling for a fight, resolved to enforce his claims by an appeal to arms.

At the head of ten thousand Highlanders he crossed from his island fastnesses to the mainland and seized the disputed earldom, the inhabitants of which readily and even enthusiastically acknowledged his authority. Having taken Dingwall, where he encountered a brave but futile resistance at the hands of the chief named Black Angus, Donald marched through Moray, Strath-Bogie and Garioch, plundering and laying waste the whole country as he went. His army received constant accessions from the Highlanders as it advanced, partly because it was triumphant, partly because there was a closer bond between the Highlanders of the mainland and the islemen than existed between the former and the lowlanders, and partly because the Highlanders loved a fight. Emboldened by his success it is said that he threatened to give the town of Aberdeen to the sack and flames and to make a desert of Scotland as far as the banks of the Tay, but this is upon Lowland evidence.

His victorious campaign was arrested finally by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, whose military genius and

acquaintance with the methods of Highland warfare almost matched those of Donald himself. In his earlier days Mar had been the leader of a band of Highland freebooters, and had raised himself to rank and opulence by means worthy of the son of the Wolf of Badenoch. Despite the rudeness and ferocity of his youth and early manhood, he must have possessed innate traits of generosity and nobleness, for, after his elevation to the earldom, he very shortly achieved wide and high renown, both in Scotland and England, for his valor and chivalry.

As soon as Mar took the field against Donald, the Lowland gentry of Aberdeenshire, Mearns and Angus flocked to his standard. Among these were Sir Alexander Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus; Sir James Scrymgeour, constable of Dundee and hereditary standard bearer of Scotland; Sir Alexander Irving of Drum; Sir Robert Maule; Sir William Abernethy, nephew of Albany, and many others, all at the head of their retainers. The town of Aberdeen also sent a gallant body of burgesses under Sir Robert Davidson, their provost.

The two armies encountered at the village of Harlaw on the water of Ury, about ten miles west of Aberdeen. Mar's forces were immensely outnumbered by those of Donald, but this disproportionate numerical showing was to a very considerable extent compensated for by the superior arms and armour of the former. They were accoutered with coats of mail, metal shields and the very best of weapons. Also they likely had by far the most mounted men. Donald's kilted and plaided Highlanders fought with claymores, knives and wooden shields, hence, although Mar's army consisted of but

one thousand men and Donald's of ten times that number, the odds were not nearly so great as the figures indicate.

Animated by the old and deep-rooted hostility between Gael and Saxon, the armies joined in battle with the most inveterate fury. The constable of Dundee and Sir Alexander Ogilvy, who commanded the van of Mar's forces, endeavored to cut their way through the dense mass of the Islesmen and hewed them down with their ponderous maces by the hundreds, until they were worn out by their efforts. But the places of the slain were instantly taken by fresh and eager warriors who, finding that their weapons had little effect on their mail clad adversaries, seized and stabbed their horses and then crowding around their fallen riders dispatched them with their daggers. In this way fell the constable of Dundee, the Sheriff of Angus, the provost of Aberdeen and the flower of the Lowland barons. Mar, himself, was desperately wounded, but directed the small number of his survivors, who obstinately continued the battle until nightfall terminated the desperate conflict. The outcome was a sort of first cousin to a Scotch verdict. Both sides claimed a victory, as do their descendants to this day.

Donald did retreat under cover of night, leaving slain on the battle field the chiefs of MacLean and MacIntosh with well nigh a hundred men, but, on the other hand, Lowland accounts of the engagement admit that on the side of Mar were lost Sir James Scrymgeour, Sir Robert Davidson, Sir Alexander Ogilvy, with his eldest son, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, Sir Robert Maule, Sir Thomas Moray, Lesley of Balquhan with six of his sons,

and upwards of five hundred men at arms, including the principal gentry of the district.

This bloody engagement, which is widely commemorated in the songs, musics, poetry and literature of Scotland, was fought on June 26, 1411 (some authorities say July 24), and may be said to have terminated the struggles for supremacy on a large scale between the Celtic and Saxon races.

In a small way the Highlanders continued it for long years afterward, descending upon the Lowlands and making forays indiscriminately, but never after with any serious intention or hope of overturning the government.

Donald returned to his island dominion with his army in good order and, satisfied that he could never expect English help, devoted himself to Island matters and interests. Although he shook the Scottish state to its very center, he can never be said to have enjoyed the Earldom of Ross. The Regent won. In 1415 Euphemia resigned it in favor of her grandfather, who in turn conferred it on his son, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan.

The hero of Harlaw was perhaps the greatest of all the MacDonald chieftains; certainly he was the most powerful and as brave and valiant as any. Also, he was an able and farseeing statesman, an impressive personality, and, however rough and rude, a great leader, who received and perpetuated the best traditions of his clan, and who kept untarnished the name and fame of MacDonald in peace and war, in councils, dealings and rulings.

He became very religious after he had passed his fiftieth year, joined a religious order, and it is said

contemplated a pilgrimage to Rome. He was born about 1330. He died at his Castle of Ardthernish in Morvern about 1425, and was buried with great pomp and ceremony in the tomb of his ancestors in Iona.

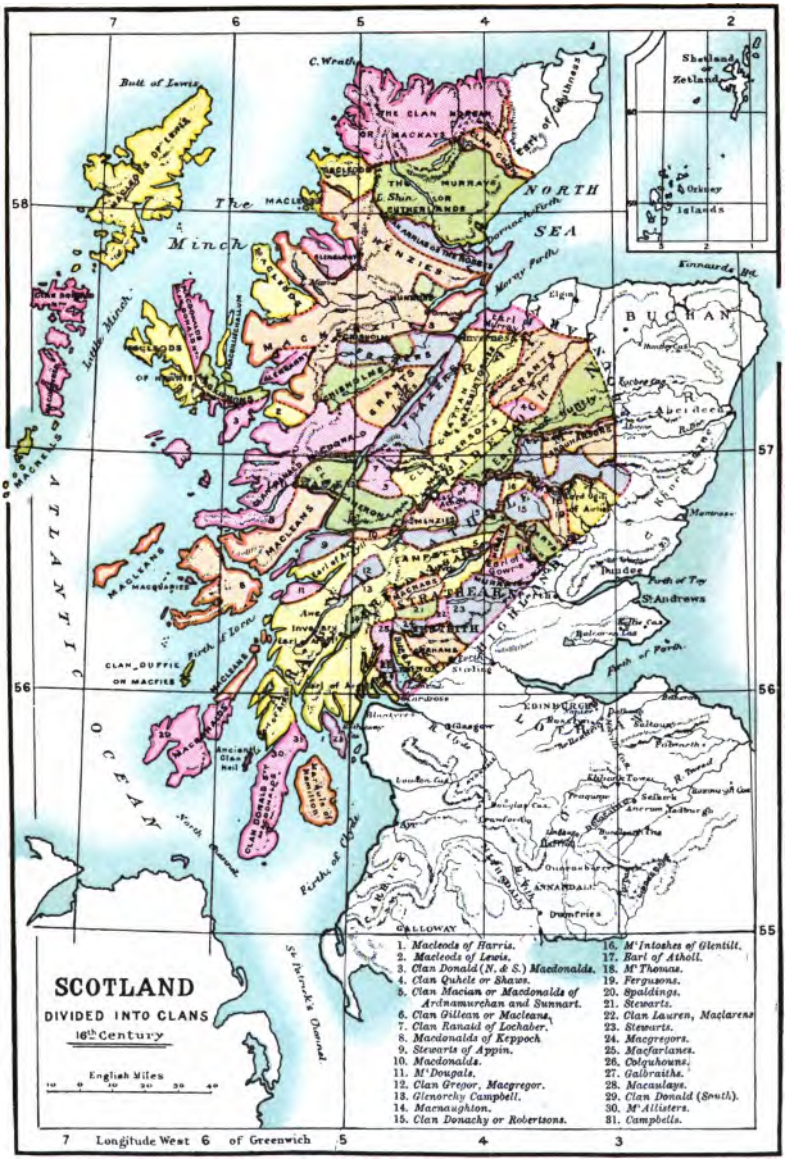
JOHN OF ISLA

THOUGH spoken of as "The Good" John of Isla by the churchmen of the Isles, the father of Donald of Harlaw does not greatly shine either by reason of his virtues or morals. Without being in any sense ignoble, he at least stands out as the least noble of his line. He was a schemer and a strategist, who gained his ends and maintained his hold upon his position and dominions by intrigue and diplomacy, rather than by the blunt, bold practices of his ancestry and posterity.

He was a warrior, too, and led his men in battle, not only when participating in the local feuds always prevailing on the mainland in the internecine sporadic spats in the islands, but led a big army of Highlanders to France to support the King of that country against Edward III of England. He was engaged in the Battle of Poictiers, which took place December 16, 1357. The English won it and John was taken prisoner, spending a year in captivity in England.

But his achievements were mostly the fruits of vision, prescience and diplomacy. He was undoubtedly a statesman of ability and a wise, firm and just ruler, hence a great and distinguished one, but not a glorious or heroic figure.

He succeeded to the vast possessions of his father almost concurrently with the accession of David II to the Scottish throne. The early years of his occupancy of the chiefship of the Isles were passed during the peace and quiet of the regency of Randolph, Earl


SCOTLAND
DIVIDED INTO CLANS
16th Century
English Miles
1. Macleods of Harris.
2. Macleods of Lewis.
3. Clan Donald (N. & S.) Macdonalds.
4. Clan Quhele or Shaws.
5. Clan Macian or Macdonalds of Ardnamurchan and Sunnart.
6. Clan Gillean or Macleans.
7. Clan Ranald of Lochaber.
8. Macdonalds of Keppoch
9. Stewarts of Appin.
10. Macdonalds.
11. M'Dougals.
12. Clan Gregor, Macgregor.
13. Glenorchy Campbell.
14. Macnaughton.
15. Clan Donachy or Robertsons.
16. M'Intoshes of Glentilt.
17. Earl of Atholl.
18. M'Thomas.
19. Fergusons.
20. Spaldings.
21. Stewarts.
22. Clan Lauren, Maclarens
23. Stewarts.
24. Macgregors.
25. Macfarlanes.
26. Colquhouns.
27. Galbraiths.
28. Macaulays.
29. Clan Donald (South).
30. M'Allisters.
31. Campbells.
Longitude West of Greenwich
NORTH SEA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
The Minch
Little Minch
Shetland
Zetland
Orkney Islands
Firth of Clyde
St Patrick's Channel
Firth of Forth
Firth of Tay
Moray Firth
Dornoch Firth
Firth of Lorn
Loch Ness
Loch Lomond
Loch Tay
Loch Leven
Loch Ryan
Loch Lochy
Loch Ericht
Loch Rannoch
Loch Tummel
Loch Garry
Loch Ness
Loch Lochy
Loch Ericht
Loch Rannoch
Loch Tummel
Loch Garry
Loch Ryan
Loch Leven
Loch Tay
Loch Lomond

of Moray, and that of Bruce's reign and the turbulence that followed them. He was ambitious and animated chiefly by consideration of family prestige, the maintenance of the honor of his house and the protection of the integrity of his domains, without harboring the slightest objections to aggrandizement of the latter.

To this end he employed alliances with England and Scotland alternately, as best suited his purpose and loyalty to his allies. He did not scruple to break them, without the slightest notice of provocation, whenever the spirit moved him, and yet managed "to get away with it" quite successfully on most occasions.

He married first, Amy MacRuari, daughter of Roderick, the son of Allan MacRuari, his third cousin (for the union they had to obtain a papal dispensation from Rome). She brought him Garmoran and the MacRuari lands. Their issue was:

(1) John, whose only son Angus died without issue.

(2) Reginald (also called Ranald), ancestor of the Clanranald.

(3) Godfrey.

John of Isla then repudiated Amy MacRuari, "a good and virtuous gentlewoman," and married Princess Margaret of Scotland. By the second marriage he had:

(4) Donald, hero of Harlaw.

(5) John Mor Tanistear, founder of the family of Dunnyvig.

(6) Angus, who left no issue.

(7) Alexander, founder of the family of Keppoch.

(8) Hugh, who became Thane of Glentilt, and whose descendants became McIntoshes.

By reason of his second marriage he was able, not only to secure from the Scottish Crown confirmation of his rights to his ancestral possessions and the lands brought him by his first wife, but added prestige for his family and new dignities for himself. He served as Seneschal or High Steward of the Scottish King's household, as royal envoy to Flanders, and as constable of Edinburgh Castle.

Owing to his close connection by his second marriage with the reigning family, too, the subsequent relations of John of Isla to the court were of a friendly nature, and before his father-in-law was long upon the throne he was confirmed in possession of a domain which might be called princely. It may be stated generally that the greater part of the territories that first belonged in their entirety to Somerled, but which were later divided, were now again consolidated under one powerful family. One of the first acts of King Robert II, on assuming royal sway, was to confirm his "beloved son, John of Isla," in the three hundred merklands, once the property of Allan, son of Roderick, namely, the lands of Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, Knoydart, being in the lordship of Garmoran; also the Islands of Uist, Barra, Rum and Eigg, and Harris, being part of Lewis. This deed was executed at Scone, during the session of Parliament, on the 9th of March, 1371-2.

An idea of the extent of this territory may be gained by enumerating the different districts in the following order:

MAINLAND TERRITORIES

The Lordship of Lochaber, including Kilmallie and Milmonivaig.

The Lordship of Garmoran, including Moidart, Arisaig, Morar and Knoydart. Also Morvern, Knapdale, Duror, Kintyre and Glenon.

ISLAND TERRITORIES

Isla, Gigha, Colonsay	Lewis, Harris
Jura and Scarba	N. Uist, Benbecula
Tiree, Eigg, Rum	S. Uist and Bara

It is obvious that John of Isla must have possessed conspicuous ability, force of character and prudence, to have been able to so build up his power and prestige.

It was probably owing to influence exerted by the Scottish Crown that John of Isla conspired and plotted to oust Reginald, his eldest son (and Godfrey, his brother) by his first marriage, from succession to the chiefship, and to secure same to Donald, his eldest son by his second marriage, but it is safe to assume that the Lord of the Isles, natural trader as he was, secured some concessions or advantages for himself or his people before acceding.

Whatever his motive, he successfully engineered the coup.

Reginald seems to have accepted his dictum without the slightest protest, and Godfrey, too, was placated.

After 1372 there is not much left to record regarding John of Isla or his activities, until his death in 1386. Here, as elsewhere, the dullness of the annals betokened the happiness born of prosperity. The Lord of the Isles

passed away at the Castle of Ardthernish at an advanced age. He was buried in the church of Oran, in Hy, where the ashes of his father, Angus Og, reposed. His obsequies were observed with great pomp and splendor by the churchmen of the Isles, on account of his many gifts to them.

Note—The tiny little island of Hy (Ioua) also called Icolmkill, lies just about a mile and a quarter west of the extreme southwest extremity of Mull, a much larger and, on the map, a much more easily distinguished member of the Inner Hebrides. It is only about a mile and a half broad and about three and a half miles long.

The original form of the name was Hy, Hu or I, the Irish for island, and the present one is said to have originated in some transcriber mistaking the U in Ioua insulis, as it was termed by Adamnan in his "Life of St. Columba," for an N. It has also received the name of Icolumkill or Hi-Colum-kill, i. e., "the Island of Columbia of the Cell," and to the Highlanders it was early known as Innis Nan Druidneah (the Island of the Druids), which would imply that it was a sacred place even before St. Columba landed upon it in 563 and built the first monastery. After this date it soon became widely recognized and celebrated as the center of Celtic Christianity, the mother spot where missionaries were developed, and from which they were dispatched to the neighboring isles and the mainland of Scotland. On account of its sanctified soil it was early considered a holy burying place, not only by the Islesmen but by the pilgrims from all over northern Europe, who flocked thither to die in order that they might be there interred. In 838 it became the seat of a bishopric, again in 1098,

and again in 1507, but with the victory of the Protestant party in Scotland, its ancient religious glory was eclipsed, and in 1561 its monastic buildings were dismantled and many of its monuments were either destroyed or cast into the sea. Its cemetery, called in Gaelic, Réilig Oiran ("the burial place of kings"), was reputed to contain the remains of forty-eight Scottish, four Irish and eight Danish and Norwegian monarchs.

At present it has a population of about 225 people, who depend partly on agriculture and partly on fishing.

ANGUS OG

ANGUS OG MACDONALD, father of John of Isla, succeeded his brother, Alexander, as Chief of the Clan Donald, in 1308. This date is historically established. His brother Alexander, had, during his regime, probably owing to his being closely allied by marriage with the house of Lorn, taken the part of England in the latter's efforts to accomplish the conquest of Scotland.

Not so with Angus Og. Although in his early years he supported his brother in the latter's policies, as a younger brother should and as loyalty to his own clan and people demanded, when he came into the chiefship he promptly allied himself with the Scotch cause. As early as 1306 Angus Og, as Lord of Kintyre (though his brother Alexander was head of the Clan, Angus Og, by his father's disposition, succeeded the latter as Lord of Kintyre), was strongly drawn to Bruce, and soon after the latter's signal defeat at Methven, offered him asylum. Bruce accepted and was hospitably received and warmly welcomed at the Castle of Saddell.

Later Angus Og took his royal guest to the Castle Dunvarty, another Kintyre stronghold of greater security.

This was at a time when the fortunes of Bruce were at their lowest and most hopeless stage. Later, when the darkness lifted and fortune smiled, Angus Og shared in the triumphs and rewards which came with the glorious advent of Scotland's freedom.

As the Spring of 1307 drew nigh, the hopes of Bruce began to rise. The romantic interest that belonged to his career powerfully appealed to the female mind, and Christina of the Isles, the daughter and heiress of Allan MacRuari of Garmoran, was among the first to render important aid. Receiving favorable news from the mainland, the King now began to meditate a descent upon Scotland, and having dispatched messengers from his little garrison, he prepared to take his departure. In the beginning of 1307 Angus Og placed a chosen band of Highlanders, under the command of Donald, son of Alastair Mor, at his disposal, and these having crossed Arran, were joined by the King who, meanwhile, had taken the decisive step of quitting Rachrin Isle. From that day Angus Og of Isla, and with him the MacRuaris or Garmoran, were closely associated with Bruce in the task of vindicating the independence of Scotland. In his descent upon Carrick, where he "wan," if not his father's hall, at any rate his father's territory, the Islesmen bore an honorable part. The only cloud that darkened the political outlook in 1307 was the defeat and capture of the King's brothers, Thomas and Alexander, in Galloway, by Roland MacDowell, lord of that region, it is recorded that Angus Og took part in that engagement, but escaped the disaster that overtook his friends. Next year this reverse was amply avenged. Not only so, but in 1308, the King wrecked signal vengeance upon the MacDougalls of Lorn, the most implacable and determined of his foes. Marching towards Argyllshire, he totally defeated the Lords of Lorn, both father and son, took the Castle of Dunstaffnage, and laid the country waste. Alexander of Lorn was taken prisoner, and permitted to depart with a safe-

conduct to England, where he is said to have died soon after in poverty.

On Angus Og becoming the head of the Clan Donald, after the defeat and discomfiture of his brother Alexander, already referred to, he was able to cast the whole influence of his tribe upon the patriotic side of the struggle. And so, when at last the King's toils and perils were crowned with victory on the field of Bannockburn, Angus Og and his Islesmen, variously estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000 men, were an indispensable factor in determining the fortunes of the day. The incidents of that ever memorable field are well known to readers of Scottish history, and need not here be detailed, save so far as they relate to MacDonald of the Isles and his followers. These formed a corps of the rear or reserve division and was under the King's own immediate command. It was not until the critical moment arrived that the men of the Isles were summoned to the fray. The impetuous Celtic phalanx, like the stag hound held by the leash, burned to rush upon the foe, but their native ardour must needs be restrained until the King's experienced eye saw where their action should prove of most effect. Despite the enormous disparity of numbers, the chivalry of England was beginning to fall into the most perilous confusion before Bruce's skillful dispositions and the stubborn courage of his army. It was then the King resolved to bring up his reserves. He directed Angus of Isla to march the Islesmen to the assistance of Edward Bruce, who was engaged with the enemy on the right, and addressed him in the memorable words which to this day illustrate the arms of the Clanranald chiefs.

"My hope is constant in thee."

Angus Og and his men exhibited the traditional valor of their race on that eventful day. Like the headlong rush of their native torrents, as they dash and foam over rock and precipice, with the shrill note of the martial pipe arousing them to the onset, and with the wild ringing slogan of the hills echoing to the sky, the brave Islesmen swept on to meet the southern foe. The attack of the Highlanders and the men of Carrick at that critical moment settled the fortunes of the day, and the victory lay with the "fourth battle." The great army of 100,000 fled before the prudent valor of the Bruce and the determined bravery of the Scots, and Bannockburn was won.

As a reward for the undoubted services rendered by MacDonald of the Isles and his Clan at Bannockburn, they always thereafter had allotted to them, at the express desire of the King, the honorable distinction of a place in the right wing of the royal army. Bruce, however, did not confine his patronage to sentimental favors of this kind. Out of gratitude for the yoemen service rendered by the Island Chief in the momentous struggle, he bestowed upon Angus extensive possessions in addition to those which he already enjoyed. Besides Isla and Kintyre, the Islands of Mull, Jura, Coll and Tires, and the districts of Glencoe and Morvern, fell to his lot.

Bruce was no doubt well aware of the impolicy and danger to the authority of the Crown involved in the bestowal of such wide possessions upon a subject, for, although the loyalty of Angus Og himself was undoubted, his successors might not prove so friendly to

the Scottish state. Indeed, one of the weighty counsels which King Robert left behind him for the guidance of the Kingdom in future times, was not to let the lordship of the Hebridean Isles be in the hands of any one man. Still, the services of the Lord of the Isles were too great to be overlooked, and the only condition made to neutralize the power which thus accrued to him was the erection of Tarbert Castle, in Kintyre, to be occupied as a royal stronghold.

Angus Og married a daughter of Guy or Conbuidh O'Cathan or O'Kane, one of the greatest barons of Ulster, Lord of Limvady, and Master of the whole County of Derry. The O'Cathans were originally a branch of the Cinel Eoghain, descended from Neil of the nine hostages, King of Ireland. The Lord of the Isles obtained a unique dowry with his bride, whose name, according to most generally accepted tradition was Margaret, but according to another less known but more correct account, was said to be Ann, Aine or Agnes. The lady's portion took the form of 140 men out of every surname in O'Cathan's territory, and the descendants of those who left representatives are known to this day in the Highlands as "tochradh nighean a 'chathanaich"—"the dowry of O'Cathan's daughter."

The importance of so many stalwart Irishmen shows that the Highlands were somewhat sparsely peopled, and that there were no apprehensions of a congested population in the days of Angus Og. It was still very much the time when might was right, when these prevailed:

> "The good old way, the simple plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can—"

and, when property could only be held by the strong hand of him who could muster the biggest force of armed retainers. In these circumstances, the arrival of this "tail" of youths from the Emerald Isle to help the security of the lady's new domain, was by no means an unwelcome occurrence.

Angus Og's loyalty to Bruce never faltered. It stands in marked contrast to the policy of the succeeding lords of the Isles. Loyalty to Scottish nationality was, however, a plant of slow growth, even among the great baronial families of the south. These were, in blood and social ideas, as much Anglo-Norsemen as Scottish, and swayed from one side to the other in the time of conflict, just as self-interest suggested. The case of the Lords of the Isles was similar, and if Angus Og was a notable exception to his line, it was because in following the impulses of friendship for the great and chivalrous deliverer of Scotland, he departed from what was in reality the traditional policy of the Kings of Innse-Gall. Angus Og died shortly after his illustrious patron (whose death occurred in 1329), in his Castle of Finlagang in Iona.

ANGUS MOR

ANGUS MOR MACDONALD, father of Angus Og, was the son of Donald I of the Isles and a daughter of Walter, High Steward of Scotland. He succeeded his father somewhere between 1245 and 1250 or thereabouts. King Alexander III of Scotland used every means to bring the Isles under the dominion of the Crown, and seems to have been successful in allaying the distrust and suspicion of Angus Mor, who gave him allegiance and his infant son, Alexander, as hostage. This allegiance was short lived. Owing to depredations made by Mainland chiefs on his possessions, unrebuked and, after protest, unchecked by the Scottish King, Angus Mor made an alliance with Haco, King of Norway.

The latter equipped a large fleet and set sail from Herlover, and via the Orkneys reached the Isles. Angus Mor of Isla and Kintyre, soon joined his forces, and his knowledge of the western seas was of much service to Haco.

This campaign of Haco's terminated in the Battle of Largs; a hurricane drove his fleet from the seas and dispersed it.

Despite his having thrown in his lot with Haco, the victorious Scottish King does not seem to have visited any great punishment upon him after the war was over. In a year or two at best, in fact, it would appear that Angus was on friendly terms with Alexander, as in 1284

he was one of the three nobles of Argyle to attend the Convention of Estates to settle the succession to the Scotch throne.

History has very little to say about Angus Mor. He was, in all likelihood, as brave, courageous and chivalrous as the other chiefs of his line and as great a credit to his Clan. History simply does not afford us the means of determining.

Tradition says he died at his seat in Isla and was buried at Columkill.

DONALD I

DONALD I, from whom the Clan Donald of the Isles takes its name, and the father of Angus Mor, was the son of Reginald. He succeeded his father in the lordship of South Kintyre, Isla and other island possessions.

From the beginning he resisted the attempts of the Scottish kings to subdue the Isles. A formidable expedition into the western waters of a large fleet under the command of King Alexander II, failed utterly to dismay him.

The King then made overtures to Ewin of Lorn, whom he sought unsuccessfully, to win from the Norwegian alliances. Ewin had recently been entrusted by Haco with the administration of affairs connected with the Norwegian possessions of the Isles. He held the Castle of Kiarnaburgh on the west coast of Mull and other strongholds in the name of the King of Norway, and having set before himself the ambitious design of becoming master, both of Man and the Isles, he was not likely to take part in Alexander's campaign which must, in any case, have fallen short of what he hoped ultimately to secure. Whether Alexander, in these circumstances, would have pursued the campaign further or to a successful issue, it is difficult to say, for death arrested all his plans in the small Island of Kerrera, in the fifty-second year of his age. Ewin of Lorn, taking advantage of the lull that followed the storm, made elaborate preparations toward the accomplishment of his scheme

of taking possession of Man and the Isles. He invaded Man and declared himself King, but his reign was short lived. He had no sooner taken possession of the throne than a message was sent to Haco informing him of the condition of affairs. The Norwegian King invoked the aid of Donald of Isla and his brother Roderick, and this having been promptly and effectively given, Ewin, who was obnoxious to the great majority of the Manxmen, was driven from the Island, and compelled to take refuge in his own domains. Donald, by rendering this timely assistance, secured the friendship of the King of Norway, and the alliance which was thus cemented between the family of Isla and the Norwegian Crown continued without interruption until the close of the Norwegian occupation of the Isles.

King Alexander III, being a minor for many years after his father's death, and Ewin of Lorn having been humbled by his recent defeat, Donald of Isla had little to fear from enemies from without, and during the remainder of his life we hear of him no more as a man of war. That his life had been a stormy one, and not altogether free from the crimes and excesses common in that age, the traditional historians lead us to infer. The same authority informs us that he and his Uncle Dugall having disagreed, probably about some barren promontory in the Mull, the latter was killed by Donald. After this, King Alexander sent a messenger to Argyll, Sir William Pollock, to demand of Donald allegiance for his lands. Sir William got decapitation for his pains. Still further, and to fill the cup to the brim, this man of blood and iron put to death Callum Aluinn, the son of Gillies, the son of Somerled, and banished Gillies

himself to Ireland, where some of his descendants remain to this day. It is not surprising that these deeds of violence, considered enormities even in an age when might was right, combined with his early depredations in the north of Ireland, should, when reflection came, have caused qualms of conscience in Donald's breast, which only the unction of the supreme fount of spiritual authority on earth could assuage. To Rome, therefore, the conscience striken chief made pilgrimage, and having made his confession in the only tongue with which he was familiar, and this having been made intelligible to the Holy Father by the learned clerks from the Isles, received the absolution that he craved. Having thus obtained the forgiveness of the church, it would appear that Donald, in his future relations with that body, brought forth fruits worthy of repentance. Like his father and many of his successors, he enriched the church with valuble gifts of land. As before said, it is from this Donald that the Clan takes its name, a fact which indicates is his prominence in history of his race and the impression he created on the age in which he flourished. It is also worthy of note that in his time, or more likely some short time after it, fixed patronymics came into use in the Highlands, while in the Lowlands the surnames adopted were generally territorial. The collateral branches of the house of Somerled after Donald, were more or less independent of one another, and in order to avoid confusion, such patronymics as MacRuari, MacDugall, MacAllister, and others became fixed. After this period, or at any rate after the middle of the fourteenth century, there is no record of a new patronymic springing from the House of

Somerled. The word Donald, which in Gaelic is Domhnull, appears in its oldest form as Domvall—Dunno Valdos, "a World Wielder."

According to one historian, Donald died at Skipness in 1289, but according to others this date is clearly incorrect, for many years before then his successor was head and representative of the family. The date of his death is probably prior to 1249, for before that date we find his son Angus giving a charter for part of his lands in Kintyre. He was buried in that sacred isle in which, after life's fitful fever, many of the Kings of Innse-Gall peacefully repose.

REGINALD

OF REGINALD, father of the illustrious Donald I, history has little to say. Data concerning him is most meager.

That he was the eldest son of Somerled and regarded as his hereditary heir, and received as his share of his father's possessions the domains of Oirhirghael.

Primogeniture did not rule in the Isles as regards the inheritance of lands. Yet the head of the race, whether brother or son to the last chief, enjoyed certain privileges. Preferably to others he possessed those lands which had always been connected with the residence of the head of the house. Hence, although the territories of Somerled were divided in somewhat equal portions, it is a significant fact that the occupancy of the lands of Kintyre and Isla remained with the descendants of Reginald.

He was probably just as proud, just as valorous, and just as contentious as any other of the chieftains of the Islas. We simply have no means of knowing.

He married Fonia, daughter of the Earl of Moray.

He died in 1207, according to the book of Clanranald, and historians consider this date about correct. The seal adhibited to his charter to Paisley Abbey is thus described: "In the middle of the seal on one side, the figure of an armed man on horseback with a sword drawn in his hand."

He left three sons, Donald I, Roderick and Dougall. The descent of the Clan Dougall is traced to the latter.

Note—While data concerning Reginald himself is scanty, it is due solely to faulty historical records. There is no dearth of lore concerning his time, and events in which he must have figured largely are recounted at great length.

Anyone wishing an ampler idea of this heroic figure may readily obtain it by reading the history which treats of his day (see Bibliography in the final pages of this volume).

SOMERLED

SOMERLED, father of Reginald, who quite generally heads all lists of the Lords of the Isles, gains that distinction not because he was, in fact, the first, nor because the historians so consider him, but because back of him all is unverifiable tradition. His genealogy and the events of his life belong to the dim borderland of legend and history. And yet, historians, delving in the fogs and mists, are able to glean certain fairly authentic facts. Among others they are able to picture him as a man of "impressive and commanding personality, issuing out of the indistinct past, possessing immense force of character, high military talents, great energy and ambition, combined with a large measure of that political sagacity and prudence, which make up a born leader of men."

They even find him early and picture him as living with his father (in hiding from the Norsemen) in his cave amid the wilds of Morven, a care-free youth, happy at hunting and fishing. Then, too, they provide him with a father, Gillebride, and a grandfather, Filledomnan, and assert that the latter was a person of some consequence, who held sway over a considerable portion of Argyl, and whose daughter married Harold, one of the Kings of Norway. They furthermore provide the father and grandfather with a bit of historical recognition by stating that Gilledomnan was driven from his possessions by the Norsemen and with his son, Gillebride, took refuge in Ireland, and that the latter

eventually made a determined effort to regain the ancestral possessions at the head of four hundred or five hundred men, placed at his disposal by the Irish kindred of the Clan Cholla in the County of Fermanagh.

Landing in Argyl with this force Gillebride made a brave and gallant attempt to dislodge the usurper, but was worsted and compelled to seek safety in the woods and caves of Morvern. Here Somerled grew up.

At this time the long struggle of the Norsemen and the Islesmen for the possession of the Isles was reaching a crisis. The Norsemen are about to begin to expel the members of Clan Cholla, not only from the Isles but to crush their supremacy on the mainlands.

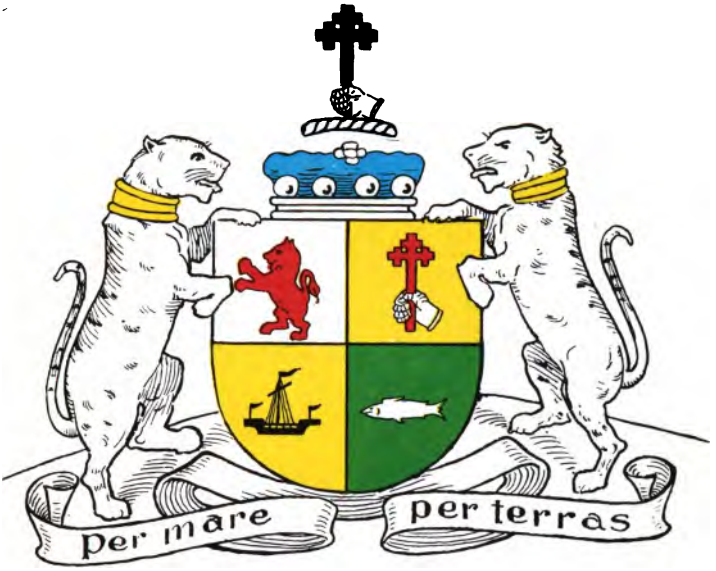
At this critical moment, Somerled steps upon the scene of history to become the Nemesis and terror of the Norsemen and the Achilles of his race.

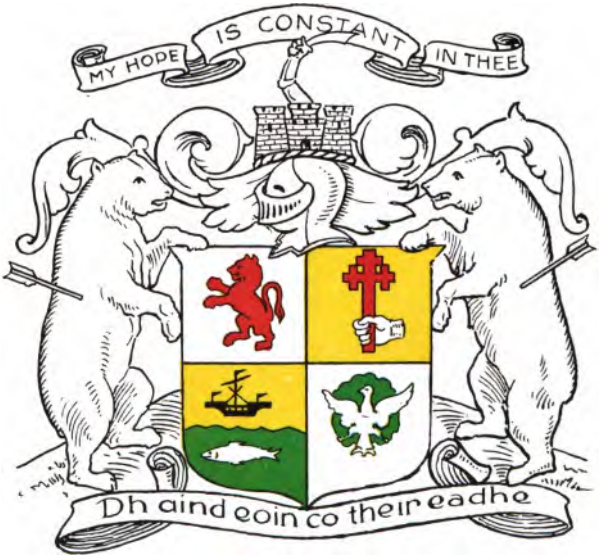
In their first onslaught the Norsemen were victorious. The result of the battle was a crushing defeat for the Highlanders, but it was noticed that one clan, the MacInneses, retired in good order under the leadership of a tall, young giant who, it was later learned, had performed prodigies of valor that day.

The MacInneses had lost their chief early in the fray, but had found another in Somairle Mor MacGillebride, which is another way of saying Somerled.

Some time thereafter this brave sept, loving liberty more than life, resolved once more to make an effort for the achievement of their independence. They assembled to take council as to the course they should pursue in so critical an emergency. The Grann tara was sent through the land, and soon from far and near the men of Argyl, defeated but not subdued, flocked to the place

of rendezvous to the east side of Benmore. A council of war was held, but the unanimity so desirable in the face of a united foe did not prevail. The leaders of the various tribes respectively strove with one another for the chief command. The camp was in motion like an ant hill. All began to draw their weapons, when an aged chief rose in the midst and demanded to be heard, setting forth at great length the dangers to which their dissensions exposed them, and suggesting the appointment to the chief commander of one in whom all had implicit confidence. He concluded by recommending the choice of Somerled as one who, from his prowess in the recent conflict, was well fitted for such a post. To this they all agreed, and messengers were at once dispatched to offer him the command. Somerled had some hesitation in accepting the offer on viewing the strength of the opposing force, but he had recourse to a stratagem which served his purpose well. Each man was ordered to kill his cow, and this having been done and the animals skinned, the Gaels waited the approach of the enemy. Somerled now ordered his little army to march round the eminence on which they lay encamped, which having done, he made them all put on the cow hides to disguise themselves and repeat the movement. He finally ordered his men to reverse the cowhides and now, for the third time, to go through the same movement, thus exhibiting to the enemy the appearance of a strong force composed of three divisions. The stratagem had the desired effect. The enemy, believing that a formidable force was coming upon them, fell into utter confusion. Somerled taking advantage of the panic, fell upon the Scandinavian host with great slaughter. The foe was routed, scattered and pursued to the north





The Coats of Arms

bank of the Sheill, where they took to their galleys. Thus did Somerled strike his first successful blow for the country of his fathers and started on his career of warlike triumph. He was not satisfied with the success of this preliminary skirmish. With the instinct of the capable man of action, he took advantage of that turn in the tide of human affairs which carries those who watch and follow it on to power and fortune. Somerled followed up his advantage, prosecuted the war still further into the heart of the enemy's country, and his forces gathering strength and confidence with continued success, he was soon able to drive the Norsemen from Oirthirghael to Innse-Gall. His victories were the first successful rally which, for hundreds of years, had been made by the Celts of the West of Scotland against the Norwegian power.

Somerled having thus gained possession of the mainland domain which belonged to his sires, assumed the title of Thane or Regulus of Argyl. A man who had risen thus suddenly to eminence and power was likely enough, in view of the past, to take advantage of his new position to break still further the sway of the enemies of his race, not only over Oirthirghael but over the Western Isles. It became his settled policy to subdue the Kingdom of Man and the Isles, and whether or not the erection of a Celtic Kingdom upon its ruins was his intention from the beginning of his career, the idea must have gradually shaped itself in his mind, and the progress must have gradually shaped itself in his mind, and the progress of events enabled him to carry it into effect, and the whole of the islands south of the Point of Ardnamurchan, along with Kintyre, came into possession of the latter.

How he followed up one success with another, ultimately routing the Norsemen from all the Isles, staying the advance of the Feudalism in Scotland and re-establishing the supremacy of the Gael in the fully recovered dominions of his people, may be easily gleaned from the histories.

He was probably the greatest hero of his race. Only the scanty records of those days prevent the historians from proclaiming him so positively.

He was eventually assassinated.

His remains were taken to Iona at the expense of King Malcolm IV of Scotland, and there interred with great pomp and ceremony, according to one account, but according to another, his last resting place is in Saddell, where he was building a monastery at the time of his death.

Note—The story of how Somerled obtained his bride, though purely legendary, is worth inclusion here. He had long been madly in love with Ragnhildis, daughter of Olaf the Red, King of Man and the Sudoreys.

After Somerled's first victorious campaign against the Norsemen, Olaf was compelled to recognize the prowess of the new northern chieftain, and saw the wisdom of seeking an alliance with him. The first time thereafter that he found himself in proximity to Somerled he dispatched emissaries to the latter, with a view to opening the negotiations. These agents of his were instructed to visit the Islesmen's camp and, after scraping an acquaintance, to advance the idea, purely on their own initiative, however. They were to carefully refrain from disclosing that they were acting under orders of their King.

This they did, but Somerled was not deceived. He saw his chance. In the guise of one of his own men he proceeded to Olaf's camp before any of the latter's henchmen had returned and boldly proposed the alliance—for the hand of Ragnhildis. Olaf bade him return to his master and state that the terms were declined, but to suggest that his (Olaf's) resources (military and naval) made a more than fair match for Somerled's, and to renew the proffer on this basis.

This Somerled pretended to do, but having while in Olaf's camp met an Islesman, an old friend, Maurice McNeill by name, and learned of a trip to a nearby island contemplated by Olaf, he conspired with his friend to gain his end by strategy.

Maurice, at Somerled's behest, bored a hole in the bottom of Olaf's galley and stuffed it with tallow and yarn. This caulking was sufficient in the quiet waters of the bay where the fleet was anchored, but when the King's vessel struck the outer waters, where Somerled "just happened" to be cruising on that particular morning, the packing was dislodged, the galley began to fill and the King and all on board were in imminent danger of drowning.

Somerled was hailed and, when he had drawn nigh, beseeched for assistance.

Assistance! Why, surely, but there would be a condition, Somerled opined—provided Olaf consented to his marriage with Ragnhildis.

Olaf protested.

Somerled was obdurate.

Meanwhile Olaf's galley was filling rapidly.

Olaf's men besought him to meet the terms.

But still he refused.

Then Somerled, pretending that he accepted the situation and evincing every evidence of keenest disappointment, ordered his helmsman to put about preliminary to making off.

As soon as Olaf sensed his intention he capitulated, made the desired promise, and was taken aboard Somerled's galley.

Whereupon Maurice McNeill deftly inserted a pin, which he had prepared for the purpose, in the hole and the galley, much to Olaf's astonishment, though it sailed slowly and fell far behind, eventually followed Somerled to the anchorage at Olaf's desired destination.

SOMERLED'S GENEALOGY

ATTEMPTS do not stop at providing Somerled with a father and grandfather. Many seek to invest him with a long genealogy. According to the Book of Clanranald, in which, by the way, Somerled's name is spelled "Somhairle," it is as follows:

Conn Ceudchathach	Maine
Art	Ferghus
Cormac	Gothfruigh
Cairbre Liffeachair	Niallghusa
Eochach Duibhlein	Suibhne
Colla Uais	Meargach
Eochaidh	Solomh
Carran	Giolla Adhamhnan
Earc	Giollabrighde

Somhairle

According to the MS. 1450, it is as follows:

Conn Cead Fcaig	Fergusa
Art Ainfear Faulcha	Gofrig
Cormac Uilfata	Maine
Caipre Liffechar	Niallgusa
Eathach Domlein	Suibne
Collad Uais	Meargad
Eathach Feighlioch	Solam
Cartan	Gilleeagan
Erc	Gillebrigde

Somairle

According to the Books of Ballimote and Leccan, it is as follows:

Colla Uais	Niallgusa
Echach	Suibhne
Erc	Imergi
Fergusa	Solamh
Gofraidh	Gilleadamanan
Amaini	Gillebrigde

Somairli

According to the MS of Dean Munro, 1549, it is as follows:

Conn Chide Kakay	Fergus
Art Lermeche	Gothefred
Crorin weet Alada	Eacime
Caipre Lissechuyr	Malheussa
Frathrequerwy	Swiffine
Ethay de Wiff Leist	Mearshaighe
Thola Craisme	Sella
Ethay	Gilleadamanane
Cartayn	Gille bryde
Erich	Somerle

According to MS 1700, it is as follows:

Coll Uais	Nialgus
Eoghie Feligh	Suibhne
Carthan	Mergadh
Eire	Solaimh
Fergus	Gileonan
Goffrie	Gilbride
Main	Somerled

According to Keating's History of Ireland, it is as follows:

Conn Cead Cathach
Art Aonthir
Cormac Ulfhada
Eochaidh Liffeachar
Colla Uais
Eochaidh
Criomhthran
Erc
Feargus
Goffra
Maine
Niallgus
Suidnhe
Mealbruidhe
Solamh
Giolla Adamhnan
Giolla Bride
Samhairle

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THE best general *History of Scotland* is that of Patrick Fraser-Tyler, but those more particularly interested in the Highlanders and Clans will find *The Pictorial History of Scotland*, by James Taylor, D. D., also valuable. On the Celtic beginnings, the best books are: *Scotland Under Her Early Kings*, by E. W. Robertson; *Celtic Scotland*, by Dr. W. F. Skene, and *The Highlanders of Scotland* by the same author; *Sketches of the Highlanders*, by David Stewart, of Garth; *The History of the MacDonalds* and *Lords of the Isles*, by Alexander Mackenzie, M. J. I.; *History of the Highlands*, by Doctor Gregory, and *The Clan Donald*, by the Rev. A. MacDonald, of Killearnan, and the Rev. A. MacDonald, of Kiltarlity.

This last named work is truly monumental, exhaustive and comprehensive.

Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* are strongly recommended, as is also the perusal of two monographs in the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopaedia Brittanica, viz: that on *Clan*, in Vol. VI, page 418, and that on *The Brehon Laws*, Vol. IV, page 488.

A most useful little volume will be found in *The Scottish Clans and Their Tartans*, published by W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd., Edinburgh and London; and *What is My Tartan?* by Frank Adam, F. S. A.; *Scot*, a companion volume to the preceding by the same publishers.

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